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,, 2 ,,	11 0	x 16 0	x 8 0	,, 2 ,,	25 0	x 25 0	x 10 0
,, 3 ,,	11 0	x 21 0	x 8 0	,, 3 ,,	28 0	x 28 0	x 10 0

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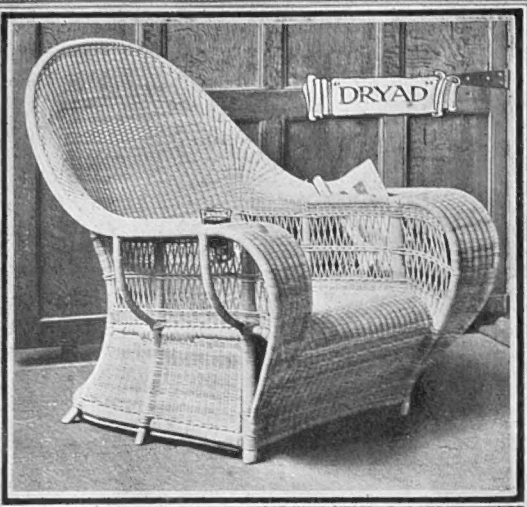

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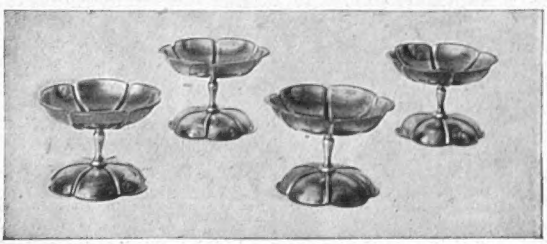

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No. 426.—Vol. XXXIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 31, 1912 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

A FEBRUARY BRIDE

A new portrait of Lady Moya Browne, second daughter of Lord and Lady Altamont, whose marriage to Mr. Allan Mackenzie, of the Coldstream Guards, takes place on February 15

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

HIS MAJESTY'S SUNNY SMILE

As caught by the camera on the occasion of the prize distribution at the Tollygunge Horse Show, Calcutta

Nothing Succeeds Like Success

THE great Royal tour had, during its continuance, inspired various doubts which, now that it is safely accomplished, are set at rest. It was one of those experiments which are successful if they succeed, and as this one has succeeded, those who planned it and executed it are deserving of all possible applause.

***

"All's Well, etc."

IN the early days, we were inclined to doubt, first, the advisability of their Majesties being so far away, with affairs both on the Continent and at home in so disturbed a state. Also, to question whether it were not better that the Emperor should be known in India impersonally rather than personally. In both cases our doubts are happily proved to have been unfounded. The Continental storms proved to be only tea-cup ones; the home ones have still to break. India has, it seems, been properly impressed with the Royal person and deportment. So all's well that ends well.

***

Majesty's Mileage

SO far as public sentiment at home is concerned, the tour has added appreciably to the prestige of the Crown. On the death of the late King, people were inclined to ask whether the influence of the country abroad might not suffer. King George, travelled as he was, would, it was thought, be less inclined to leave his own country than was his Royal father. Well, the present King has easily outdistanced, in one journey, the mileage of all the tours of his predecessor. Whatever loss we may have suffered of *causeries intimes* in European *salons*, we have gained by Grand Palavers on Indian, Egyptian, and Maltese parade-grounds. Compared with Edwardian exploits, the Georgian ones are as oil-paintings to etchings—bigger, whether or not they are better.

***

America and the Scoffers

I WONDER really what *is* the right thing to say of the Royal visit to New York? To chaff the "democracy" for its breathless interest in a Duke is a little unworthy, perhaps. One is not less a democrat because one strains one's neck to see what kind of wildfowl is a King, or a King's kinsman. Nor am I inclined to join the scoffing chorus at Society's concern for itself over the Royal visiting lists. On the contrary, we should rejoice, for America pays us a beautiful compliment in showing that its social system is so sensitive to the favour of our own social leaders.

***

The Real Four Hundred

IT is good, anyway, that at last we get an idea as to who and what really constitute the mysterious Four Hundred. In future, of course, it is perfectly plain that those who, by hook or by crook, did succeed in elbowing their way into the Duke's presence will lead social New York for years to come. But ten, twenty years ago, when New York Society was being invented, the Four Hundred were merely those who could be trusted at a dinner-party—(*a*) to come with clean faces, (*b*) to eat neatly, (*c*) not to shoot an enemy at sight; while to-day the Four Hundred is chiefly composed of those who, having inherited fortunes from self-made fathers, have nothing to do but spend them. The money-makers of the moment remain outside the sacred pale, first, because they've not had time yet to collect ancestors, and, second, because they're "too busy anyway."

***

Ulsterior Motives

SO Mr. Churchill has climbed down! Or has he merely stooped to conquer? His letter renouncing his Ulster Hall meeting is a notable document. He yields to *force majeure*, but his soul goes marching on. Later on we shall see the incident in its true perspective, and be better able to settle whether Winston should, or shouldn't, have been allowed to say his say at the appointed place. It is said that his original plan was a "scoop" of the Master of Elibank's—the Ulsterior motive being to show, by holding a meeting in the heart of Belfast, how hollow was the cry that Ulster would fight. That hash has been settled, at any rate. Mr. Churchill must at last realise that the day of clever dodges has gone. The Unionist public is rather in the position of a man who has grown tired of settling disputes by tossing coins with clever tricksters and wants to put up his fists for a change. What Ulster did may be done by others elsewhere, if too much cleverness is shown by the Cabinet in other directions.

Unionism's Wise and Witty Leader

Ruins, Sicilian and Otherwise

THE announcement that Mr. George is to replace Mr. Asquith as Premier may be inspired by the wish that is father to the thought. The Chancellor's stay in the Riviera lasted only a fortnight, and he returned to Town with rather a suspiciously loud announcement of his "return to work," the while his Chief was inspecting ruins in Sicily. Mr. Asquith's experience of ruins should stand him in good stead in the near future. His Cabinet is likely to remind him very forcibly of some of the places he has lately explored.

* *
*

Interesting Mr. Law

IN one respect, Mr. Bonar Law resembles Mr. Balfour. One never knew exactly what Mr. Balfour would say before he said it; neither does one know what Mr. Law will. But the difference is that Mr. Law has a more precise and pointed way of saying it; leaves sentences which grip the mind, and don't allow much doubt of their meaning. His Albert Hall speech was plain as a pikestaff. Also, it was a model of discretion. He did not spoil his case by over-statement; nor did he arouse hopes impossible to fulfil. He was, withal, waggish in a Scots sort of way. What is certain is that he makes a more interesting leader than would Mr. Long or Mr. Chamberlain. Discreet, he is by no means dull.

A Lengthy Ecstasy

TO gain success in London to-day, the best way is to get the most popular local newspaper to call you a failure and ask the reason why. This method has been adopted on behalf of *The Miracle*. *Why* didn't people go to it, asked the *Daily Mail*, and then followed the tale of its magic splendours. No doubt everybody will now go. It is so horrid to be called stupid by a paper with a circulation of a million. Nevertheless, I think those who are now convinced against their will, will be of the same opinion still. The explanation is that *The Miracle* is an ecstasy too long drawn out. One admits its spectacular splendour, but it *does* lack human interest. The *Mail* can talk as much as it likes of the symbolical significance of the story, its philosophy, and so on, but this is not Germany, and we are not philosophers or symbolists. We refuse to see in the story of the Nun any relation to real life. *The Miracle* is, to most people, a splendid spectacle, but one doesn't want, to put it plainly, to "sit it out." My own method has been to visit Olympia three times, and to see the thing at the rate of an act a sitting—though I confess I walked about a good deal even then. I was impressed—with the stagecraft, with the lighting, with the manipulation of the crowds, with the atmosphere, with the music. But, frankly, the *drama* bored me. Now I have said it, and let the Olympian gods vent their wrath.

(Continued on page 217)

THE NEW UNIONIST LEADER UNFOLDS THE NEW UNIONISM

The great Albert Hall meeting of the 26th inst. listening to Mr. Bonar Law's terse and witty speech on the various topics of the day

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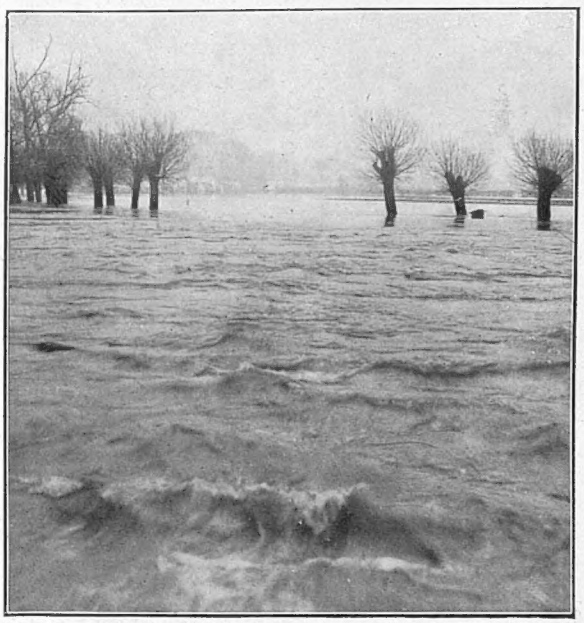
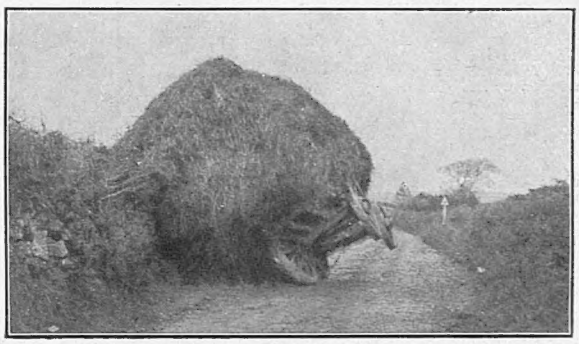


THE FLOODS NEAR WINDSOR LAST WEEK (NOTE THE WAVES)

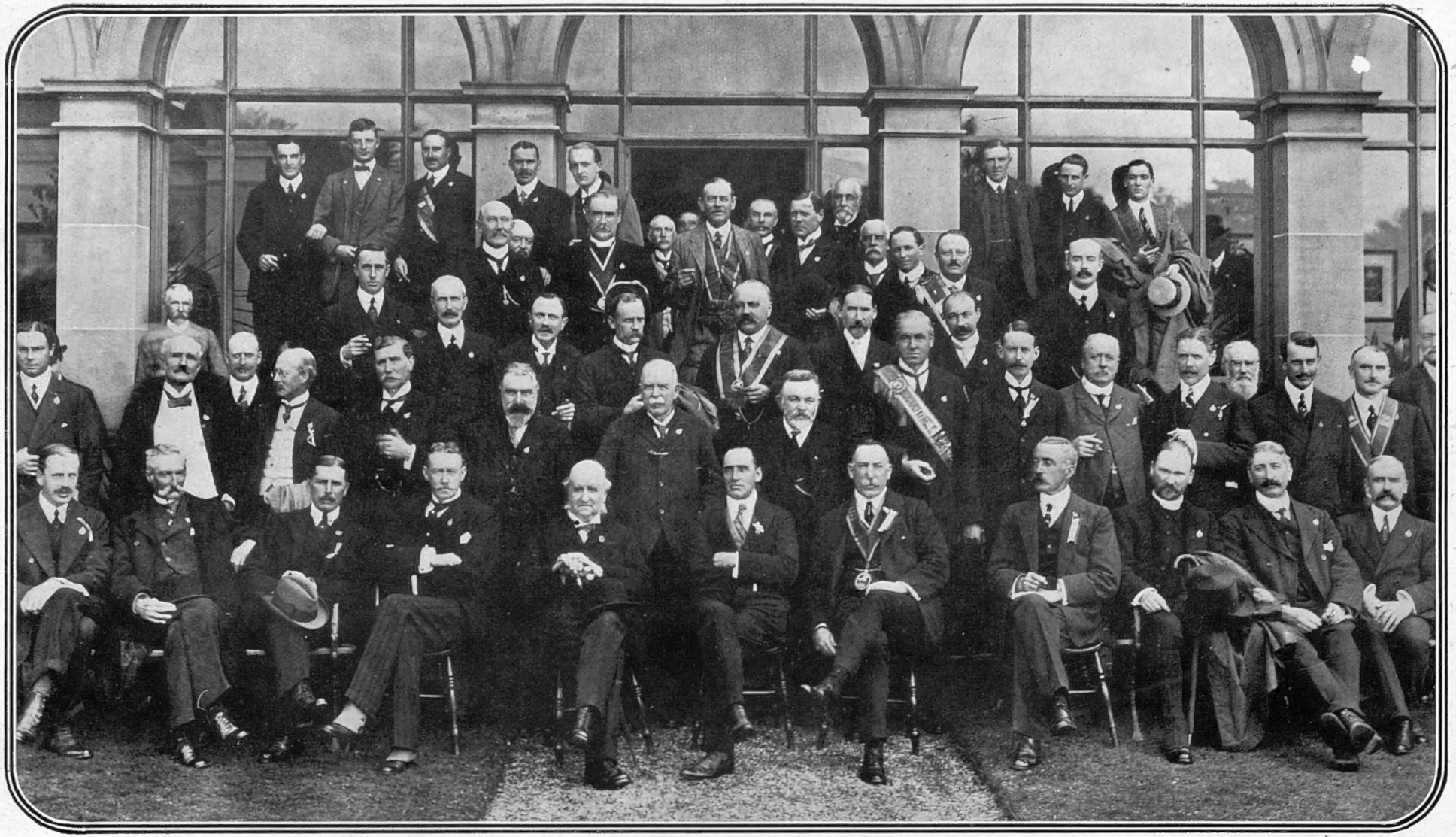


A HAY CART CAPSIZED BY A GALE NEAR DYSERTH, NORTH WALES

BLUES BLUE WITH COLD: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW PRACTISING ON THE FLOODED CAM

Evidently repenting of its geniality during the summer, the weather has been misbehaving itself pretty badly of late. The severe gales and floods have been responsible for serious damage, while the streets of London have become a morass of mud. Further north, at Stratford-on-Avon, for instance, where snow has taken the place of rain, the inconvenience may be as great, but it is certainly more picturesque

To Honour Ulster's Leader



Photograph *Lafayette, Dublin*

GROUP TAKEN AT CRAIGAVON (THE RESIDENCE OF CAPTAIN CRAIG, M.P.)

BACK ROW: The Hon. A. Ross, Captain Holt Waring, Major M. Cammon, Mr. J. M. Hamill, Mr C. W. D. Buller, Mr. J. Kirkpatrick, Mr. D. D. Reid, Mr. William Moore, Jun.
FOURTH ROW: Mr. H. A. Moore, Mr. C. Preston, Rev. W. Wright, Major H. N. Head, Mr. O. B. Graham
THIRD ROW: Mr G. Brunshill, The Earl of Ranfurly, Major F. H. Crawford, Colonel the Hon. H. E. Maxwell, Mr. R. W. Leslie, M.D., Mr. A. L. Horner, K.C., M.P.
SECOND ROW: Mr. R. J. McMordie (Lord Mayor of Belfast), M.P., Mr. W. Coates, Mr. G. Fetherstonhaugh, K.C., M.P., Mr. J. Gordon, K.C., M.P., Sir J. Henderson, Mr. Ronald McNeill, M.P., Mr. G. F. Stewart, Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P.
FRONT ROW *(sitting)*: The Marquess of Hamilton, M.P., Colonel Rowan Hamilton, Sir J. Lonsdale, Bart., M.P., The Earl of Kilmorey, The Earl of Erne (Head of the Orange Order), Sir Edward Carson (Guest), Captain Craig (Host), Mr. J. Campbell, K.C., M.P., The Lord Bishop of Down, Mr. William Moore, K.C., Mr. H. Barrie, M.P.

(Continued from page 213)

The Way of the Wind in Foreign Affairs

"No English"

"I THOUGHT it might interest you to hear"—writes a correspondent from Nice—"there are practically no English here." And the same from a Bystander at Biarritz: "There are no English here, but several American millionaires. The hotel-keepers long for another King Edward to bring back the best English people again." From Bordighera a friend writes: "I am not so much to be envied here as you imagine. It is dreadfully cold and grey, and the Riviera is practically deserted, especially on this Italian side. The large hotels are in despair; about thirty guests where there should be two hundred or more. I suppose the sports in Switzerland carry off a great many, especially the young people."

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And the Sportless Alps

AS to the "sports" in Switzerland, if they *have* carried anybody from the Riviera, it has been only on the way back to Town. For the season in the Alps has been a disastrous failure. The legend that had sprung up that, given you get above a certain height, fine weather is a sure thing, has gone. The "certain height" is at least 5,000ft., and the only places at which anything like continuous sport has been enjoyed are St. Moritz, Davos, and Mürren.

***

"The Real Labouchere"

OF strange obituary notices, the strangest I ever read is *Truth's* of its founder, Mr. Labouchere. We are shown the personality of a humorist who was his own best joke. I don't know at which to marvel the most, at the tales told about him or at the telling of them. Not more than a slight attempt is made to give "Labby" credit for the good qualities we concede to the worst of men. He is credited with being a cynic if ever there was one, a man whose generous impulses were only occasional, a miser, almost a ragamuffin. Imperturbable, even to slanders on himself, indolent, a poseur, and an assimilator of the credit due to others, there is left precious little to admire in Labouchere. Even the jolly stories of his youth are dismissed as apocryphal. Well!

***

A Legend Shattered

I CONFESS myself astonished to learn that, practically, "Labby's" editorial influence in *Truth* ceased with his entry into Parliament, though one naturally assumed that he, like many another editor-founder, left the routine of the work to the men in the office. To the late Mr. Voules is given the praise for making *Truth* what it is. Honour where honour is due, and I take off my hat to his memory. But would *Truth* have been quite the success it became if the British public had not *thought* the Personality behind it to be that of the Puckish politician, with the shabby clothes and the eternal cigarette, the little England Radical who fell foul of the Throne and of the leaders of his own party? What though "Labby" did none of the work! He personified his paper, and for Journalism to be personified is half its battle. I daresay, if Fleet Street liked, it could many similar tales unfold. But Fleet Street is loyal to its legends, and long may it remain so.

Photograph Fuller and Osborn

CHANCELLORS GOING AND COMING

COUNT VON AEHRENTHAL

The great Austrian Chancellor, whose retirement is imminent, and whose health is said to be in a critical state

COUNT LEOPOLD BERCHTOLD

Austrian Ambassador in St. Petersburg, who is expected to succeed Count Aehrenthal at the Ballplatz, or Viennese Foreign Office

DR. LIEBKNECHT

The Socialist leader, who has captured the Kaiser's home constituency, Potsdam, to His Majesty's intense annoyance

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Aehrenthal's Health

BEFORE one can really get at the truth as to the illness of Count Aehrenthal one would need to know the political sympathies of his doctors. If these gentlemen are strong partisans of the Heir-Apparent, then, no doubt, the Count's illness is so dangerous as to require his immediate retirement. If they are of a more Liberal way of thinking, the Count has an excellent chance of recovering and of remaining in office. For everybody in Austria seems to be at present in favour of either peace or war. The Count is, it is known, strongly in favour of peace, and the Archduke Franz Ferdinand is alleged to be clamouring for war with Italy. Exactly what Austria is to gain by such a war is not easy to see, and it is doubtful whether the Archduke knows himself. If we are to believe the character-sketch of him by his kinswoman, Signorina Toselli, he is completely ignorant of politics, but entirely in the hands of the Clericals.

Aux Lorgnettes

A BYSTANDER'S PEEPS AT PASSING PERSONALITIES

In Command at Belfast

PERFECT *nuisance* that Mr. Churchill is, *isn't* he? In his passion for work, not to speak of the "lawful exercise of the elementary rights of citizenship," it is hardly believable, but he is actually cutting short people's winter holidays and bringing home helter-skelter from Switzerland and the Riviera quite a lot of rest-curing officials. Among them is Count Gleichen, an extremely nice and popular personage, that second cousin of the King and well-known courtier who is now in command of those Belfast troops who, because of *dear* Winston, might have to fight even now. So very accomplished and distinguished are the Gleichen family that the Count and his three sisters, the Countesses Feodora and Helena Gleichen, who paint and sculpt, and the Countess Valda Machen, who sings divinely, manage between them to occupy considerably more than a column of that fat forefinger to fame, "Who's Who."

A Foreign English Count

The Gleichens, in spite of their foreign name and extraction, are all, except, perhaps, in their artistic versatility, as English as they make them. Count Gleichen is one of the most popular and best-known men in the Army, a very keen soldier, and a favourite both at the English and Irish Courts. He has made use of his paternal German to pursue a close study of foreign military systems, and he is said to know more than any other man in England about Continental armies, their organisation, administration, and methods, besides having seen as much active service as any man of his age alive. The son of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg (nephew of Queen Victoria and Governor of Windsor

COUNT GLEICHEN

Recalled from his holidays to command the troops at Belfast

Castle) and of Miss Laura Seymour, Count Gleichen married two years ago (after indignantly stating that the rumour was "entirely unauthorised and absolutely untrue") Miss Sylvia Edwardes, one of Queen Alexandra's Maids-of-Honour. He is a fine shot, a well-known yachting man, and an industrious writer, journalist as well as author.

VISCOUNT CURZON

Photographs *Lafayette*

To oppose Mr. John Burns at the next Election

A Sailor as Politician

Yet another scion of a family in high favour at Court is Viscount Curzon, only son of Lord Howe, who is entering political life in doughty fashion as opponent to Mr. John Burns in Battersea. Lord Curzon is a commander in the Naval Reserve, but it was probably chiefly in pursuance of family tradition that this son of the famous house of Penn adopted a naval career. For after accompanying the Prince and Princess of Wales to India in the *Terrible* as a lieutenant for training purposes he came home, and at the early age of twenty-three married up in Yorkshire his beautiful and still more youthful cousin, the tall, fair daughter of Colonel Montagu Curzon. Viscount and Viscounte s Curzon have one child, the Honourable Edward Richard Assheton Penn, a bonny boy born in 1908.

A Well-known Courtier

During late Victorian and Edwardian days there was, perhaps, no more familiar figure at Court than Lord Curzon's father, Lord Howe. His Courtly duties nowadays, however, as Lord Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra, are light, and his days are chiefly spent at his fine Leicestershire seat, Gopsall, where, with some of the best shooting in the country and the help of his son and daughter-in-law, he entertains at very big parties all the Very Best People. He also has places in Suffolk and Buckinghamshire, the shooting at Penn in the latter county being particularly fine. The late Lady Howe was the daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough and a sister of Lady Wimborne and Lady de Ramsey.

Premier? Is It Possible?

Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé

We publish Mr. Lloyd George's portrait (by Hoppé) because it is a speaking likeness of the man who is freely designated Premier in succession to Mr. Asquith, whose resignation, owing to differences with his colleagues on both Home Rule and the Suffrage, is said to be imminent. A George Premiership under a George Kingship would be an odd coincidence. But it is not likely that it will be other than a short-lived one. Mr. George's gifts are undoubted, but the public temper is dead ag inst further experiments in Socialistic legislation and vindictive taxation

A Welsh Marriage

The Lady Gladys Finch-Hatton, whose marriage with Mr. Osmond Trehairn Dewdraeth Williams, son and heir of Sir Arthur Williams, of Castle Dewdraeth, North Wales, will shortly take place, is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Winchilsea. She and her future husband are near neighbours in Wales, where most of Lady Gladys's life has been spent, and where Mr. Williams's father is Constable of Harlech Castle. It was, it will be remembered, her elder brother, Lord Maidstone, the heir to the Winchilsea peerage and the earldom of Nottingham, who a few seasons ago married the only daughter of Mr. Anthony Drexel, the Anglo-American millionaire.

LADY GLADYS FINCH-HATTON

Photograph *Lafayette*

Shortly to Marry Mr. O. T. D. Williams

A Golfing Bride

Though Mr. Osmond Williams will be but the second baronet of his line (his father's title is not yet three years old), he marries into one of the oldest families in England. Lady Gladys Finch-Hatton, who is tall and pale and fair-headed, and, like all her family, a good golfer (you *have* to be in Wales; there is nothing else to do), goes only seldom into London Society, and came out some years ago quite without that flourish of trumpets which accompanies the low-born heiress's début. Since her brother's brilliant marriage, however, she has been met at many of the Drexel gatherings in Grosvenor Square, and has confided to a friend that her sister-in-law, Lady Maidstone, though so rich and spoiled and American, "is so nice and unassuming you can't help liking her."

A Catholic Wedding

By her marriage to-day at the Oratory with Mr. Charles Noel, second son of Lord and Lady Gainsborough, Miss Mary Douglas-Dick, who is the daughter of Colonel Douglas-Dick, late Argyll and Sutherlandshire Highlanders, enters a family highly popular in Gloucestershire and Rutland, and one which, in former times, held great possessions in Warwickshire as well. Conservatives of a thorough-going, no-nonsense-about-*them* order, the Noels are also Catholics, the late Earl having reverted to the faith of his fathers, and been received back into the Church by Pope Pius IX. Mr. Charles Noel, to-day's bridegroom, is second heir to his father's earldom, his elder brother, Lord Campden, who is an attaché at Christiania, being, in spite of several false alarms, still unmarried.

MISS MARY DOUGLAS-DICK

Photograph *Kita Martin*

Who Marries Mr. Charles Noel to-day (Wednesday)

PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT UGBROOKE PARK, LORD CLIFFORD'S CHUDLEIGH SEAT

Interesting performances of *Arsène Lupin* and *Bluebeard* were given in the private theatre adjoining the house a week or two ago by members of the house-party staying at Ugbrooke Park. The group shown in our photograph comprises some of the house-party, which included: Lord Liverton, the Hon. L. Palk, Miss Whyte, Mrs. Delacour, Miss Greenwood, Miss Nina Dickson, Mr. Minton, Mr. P. Kenny, Mr. E. von Spiegl, Mr. and Mrs. Broadbent, Miss H. Vansittart, Miss Leila Benyon, Miss Eve Benyon, Mrs. Blake, Miss N. Blake, Mr. R. Elwes, Lieut. S. C. Lyttleton, R.N., Mr. Frank Meyer, Mr. Hugh Hamilton Cardall, Mr. Hugo Clifford, Miss Bigelow, and Mr. Victor Marmont

"Never Believe a Rumour Till It Is Officially Contradicted"—Bismarck

The Kaiser's daughter, Princess Victoria Louise (right), with her father, mother, and small nephews. The Princess has been reported engaged to Prince Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, but this has been so frequently contradicted that we adopt towards it the attitude quoted above

(Specially taken by the "Bystander" photographer at Potsdam)

An Unprecedented Visitation

THE CAPITAL OF THE MALAY STATES UNDER FLOOD

It is not often that such States as Malay have to complain of floods, but the inhabitants of the Federal Capital, Luala Lumpur, awoke on December 2, to find that the whole town and the surrounding district had been completely flooded. The water in most places was shoulder high, and practically all business was at a standstill, it being impossible to reach the post office or any of the Government buildings. The industrial part of the town was almost inaccessible. The native conveyances were only of little use in some of the high-lying parts of the town, and some prominent business men actually swam to their offices in order to try and save some of the valuables and books as the roads were filled with floating merchandise of all kinds that was being swept out of the shops and houses. Our photograph is of the Java Street Bridge

HOW BUNTY'S FAMILY

Has Pulled the Strings of Financial Success

MEMBERS OF THE MOFFATT FAMILY IN THE ORIGINAL CAST OF "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

From left to right the names are : Graham Moffatt (author), Mrs. Graham Moffatt, Miss Kate Moffatt, Watson Hume Moffatt, Miss Winifred Moffatt, and Sanderson Moffatt

LIKE a breeze from her own fresh, heather-clad hills *Bunty* came among the problem plays and Russian dancers to pull the strings of the hearts of theatregoers and set them vibrating with genuine delight. The enthusiasm she inspires has long since exhausted the adjectives of the scribes, but few of her admirers know that the play is more of a family affair than any play which has ever been on the London stage. It was written by Bunty's brother, his wife designed and made the costumes, and six members of the family were in the original cast at the Haymarket Theatre.

The author, Mr. Graham Moffatt, is a talented man, who has given us a picture of Scottish life which we are not likely to forget. Equally gifted as an actor he plays the part of Tammas Biggar, the strict father, with inimitable touches of characterisation.

The strong scene between himself and his son was the nucleus of the play. After he had written this he read it to his wife. She liked it, and made several suggestions, which Mr. Moffatt acted upon in completing his work. His long experience as an entertainer on the platform guided him in giving the people just what they like, and the scenes are so true that one man has been to see the play twenty-one times because it recalls so clearly the days and ways of his childhood. Indeed, the whole atmosphere of the play is unusually real, even in this day of realism.

MISS KATE MOFFATT, WHO PLAYS BUNTY

She is the sister of Mr. Graham Moffatt, the author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," and her charming performance has had a great deal to do with the play's extraordinary triumph

Although the Sabbath laws in Scotland are not quite so rigid as they were a century ago, yet even now there are houses where the blinds are not raised on Sunday and the sons are chided for whistling, even though it be "a tune they sing in the kirk." Baldernock Church is actually the scene which has been reproduced on the stage, and the drop at the back gives a view of the range of hills which Mr. Moffatt looked out upon from the windows of his house as he wrote the play. It was first produced at the Playhouse through the courtesy of Mr. Cyril Maude, who invited the dramatic critics, his friends, and many prominent people to witness a matinée performance. Mr. Moffatt supplied the company and costumes, and so successful was *Bunty's* first bow to the public that the next morning before eleven o'clock she was asked to pull the strings in

four London theatres. She's been pulling them ever since.

Mrs. Moffatt, the author's wife, who plays the part of Eelen, designed and made the quaint costumes, which are one of the most captivating features. There is, perhaps, nothing in the whole production more thoroughly Scottish than this character. She is the very essence of plaids, heather, and haggis—full of variety, sweet and strong-rooted, piquant and satisfying. Her finished impersonation is all the more remarkable because she has had little experience on the stage, and only commenced acting three years ago.

Miss Kate Moffatt, sister of the author, is Bunty—bless her—and that's enough. Though she has been acting since she was eleven years old, yet she has kept the charm of perfect naturalness and is never guilty of anything stagey. Unconscious of herself, she doesn't "act"—she just does and says things as she knows the Scotch lassie would, and this gives us one of the most artistic characterisations of the modern drama. Bunty's genius for managing, the steadiness of her "steerin' hand," straightens out all the tangled strings and wins our hearts in the straightening. Like her lover, Weelum, we'd all enjoy being henpecked if only Bunty would do the pecking—and we'd glory in our shame!

Watson Hume, the author's brother, plays the good-hearted saftie, Weelum, so well that he has added another name to the list of immortal humorous characters that have amused and delighted theatregoers.

A braw lad he may be, but independent enough to drop the name of Moffatt when he began playing Weelum, so that any praise he might receive would be his own and not due to the family name. He must be well satisfied, for his excellent work has been most thoroughly appreciated.

Photograph *Hana Studios*

MR. GRAHAM MOFFATT

Author of the phenomenal success, "Bunty Pulls the Strings"

Winifred Moffatt (on the wall) Graham Moffatt

Photograph *Daily Mirror Studios*

Sanderson Moffatt Kate Moffatt Watson Hume Moffatt Mrs. Graham Moffatt

IN THIS SCENE APPEAR ALL SIX MEMBERS OF THE MOFFATT FAMILY ORIGINALLY PLAYING IN "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS" AT THE HAYMARKET

Little Winifred Moffatt, the daughter of the author, seems to have inherited the family talent, and plays her part to perfection. It would be difficult to find a more saucy and natural lassie than the one who climbs over the stile to find that the "kirk is on a holiday."

Sanderson Moffatt, another brother of the author, played the policeman when they first opened at the Haymarket, but is now delighting New York audiences with his "Weelum."

These six people, all members of the same family, acting in the play written by one of them, wearing costumes designed by another, have given us the kind of a laugh that is good for the soul, a true glimpse of Scottish life, a touch of human nature deep. We hope that *Bunty* may long continue to pull the strings, for there is in her pulling a wholesomeness which warms the heart and leaves an afterglow that cheers.

ELLA STRYKER LLOYD

Photograph *Daily Mirror Studios*

BUNTY: "EH! WEELUM, YO'RE AWFU' TOUSLED"

Mr. Watson Hume Moffatt, as Weelum, and Miss Kate Moffatt, as Bunty, in a little episode in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," the delightful comedy of Scottish life at the Haymarket Theatre

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

ACCORDING to the *Daily Chronicle*, the Chancellor's son, Mr. Richard Lloyd George, takes no interest in politics. It is strange how often people named David have sons who are remarkable for being much more intelligent than their fathers.

* * *

Some doubt is still felt as to why Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael should have been appointed to rule over the Bengalis, and one is hardly helped any further by reading in "Who's Who" that the new Governor is an authority on "centipedes, spiders, etc."

* * *

Bengalis, by the way, have received a great compliment lately. Realising, no doubt, how absurd it is to pose as leaders in the land of the enlightened Babu, all the English officials in Bengal have asked to be transferred to the new province of Behar.

* * *

The report that the Government intends to celebrate the King's return to England by inviting His Majesty to change the capital from London to Criccieth is unfounded.

* * *

Mr. Balfour was present last week as one of the spectators at a boxing match in Nice. It is very much to be hoped that Mr. Winston Churchill will benefit by this dignified precedent, and remember to act merely as one of the spectators when the Belfast boxing match begins.

* * *

What methods the Ulstermen will employ to prevent Mr. Churchill from speaking at this affair are still a matter of guess-work. "Electric snuff"—an evil-smelling compound—is said to be very popular in Ireland for wrecking political meetings, but it is hardly likely that Mr. Churchill would mind electric snuff. Our own suggestion would be to erect a heaving platform in the hall, such as would remind the First Lord of his experiences in the submarine.

* * *

A desire to inspect the arrangements of his cabin would follow. . . . But probably the Ulstermen will have thought out some even better plan.

Photograph *Elliot A. Meller*

THE SANDWICH GENTLEMAN

This gorgeous creature daily patrols the Paris streets in order to advertise "The Cinema Parisiana." He is known as "Le Roi des Sandwichmen"

"Trams for female persons only" are proposed by the L.C.C. Tramway Committee. It seems only fair that women should have a chance of travelling in conveyances where there is none of the fuss caused by men getting up and offering their seats to members of the weaker sex.

* * *

At a freak dinner in New York canaries were loosed among the guests, and—says a correspondent of that city—"the yellow warblers fluttered about . . . using their full voices when not picking up the crumbs tossed to them by the diners." The din must have been tremendous, but not inharmonious. The difference between canaries in full voice and some Americans is not so extreme.

* * *

The newest writer on childhood states that "Each child should have his own library . . . a little row of sacred singers and teachers whom he should learn to love and prize better than all the treasure of the hemispheres." This is a capital idea, and even if the sacred singers got stuck together a bit after a jam tea, what would it matter? Libraries are so useful for thinking in, when the women get too chatty.

* * *

"In order to encourage a real and orderly knowledge of his books," goes on the writer, "the child may be taught to index them himself, to revise or correct or augment present indices, to write synopses of their contents, or even to make general indices of the whole of them, under classified headings or subjects." Poor child! And the worst of it is that when he is a big man, the writer who made him a book-hater will probably be dead, and he won't have the pleasure of shooting him.

* * *

One of the features of the newest Cunarder, *Laconia*, is a gymnasium, where passengers can "go riding on electrically driven horses." There should, we think, be an electrically driven fox too, and some fairly electric hounds, and then hunting people wouldn't get too much out of training while they made the passage to New York.

Sayings I Don't Agree With

NO 3. THAT—"SILENCE GIVES CONSENT!"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

The Higher Cricket Criticism

BY NORMAN W. FRASER

CLAIRVOYANT criticism is the latest thing in cricket reporting—at least as regards the M.C.C. team in Australia. Reuter cables the facts and details of the play, and the clairvoyant critic at home, gazing into a crystal—or a tumbler of whisky-and-soda—then proceeds to comment on the game he has never seen, thus lending an air of artistic verisimilitude to Reuter's bald, though by no means unconvincing, narrative. Here are one or two examples of the Higher Cricket Criticism, no reference being made to any particular match.

I.

The Sportive and Intimate

(N.B.—Success in this style, of which Mr. F. B. Wilson is the justly celebrated exponent, is to be won chiefly by a lavish use of similes, synonyms, and slang from every sport and game except cricket.)

And the marker called it 291—5—47, Trumper being left in play with an unfinished break of 92. O, thou Trumper! Victor's little lot included some lovely punches to the touch line, one right hook to the jaw off Foster being almost equal to that famous shot in which I did the third hole at Stoke Poges in one. Captain Clement Hill played steady golf for 85, while Wee Willie Winkie Armstrong had some splendid foxes into the dedans for 52. Johnny-Won't-Hit-Today was champion pitcher, the one with which he outwicked Dr. Hordern being no hog, as the curlers say. Foster was off his serve, and Hearne did everything but ring the bell. Hobbs's centring from cover was great, and Struddy got the ball in the middle of the mitt every time. It's Meet Me in Dreamland tonight if Trumper gets the middle pocket position again.

II.

The Severely Critical

(This is usually written by a disappointed county cricketer who thinks he should have been included in the team.)

There is no man for whom I have a greater admiration than Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas, but it is my duty to point out that he is absolutely unfit to captain the English team. Fancy putting himself on to bowl first! It is true that at Brisbane the experiment was a success, and that in this particular match he has so far captured all the wickets, but that does not alter the fact that, good man though he is, and one of my dearest friends, Mr. Douglas is not to be trusted to fill Mr. Warner's shoes. It must be obvious to the meanest intellect that the pitch being what it was—that fool Reuter doesn't say what it was, so I must hedge—the English captain should have started with Strudwick and Kinneir. Ever since the composition of the team was mooted I have objected to the inclusion of the Essex amateur, and am now able triumphantly to say, "I told you so."

However, there is still time. A reasonable guarantee being forthcoming, I am prepared to fly to Australia to-morrow and to relieve Mr. Douglas of a responsibility which is clearly too heavy for him.

III.

(The Profoundly Analytical and Tremendously Deductive)

In amassing a score of 291 for five wickets, the Australians might have done better and they might have done worse. Another hundred would have made their position almost impregnable, while a hundred fewer would have made it less secure than it is. The score indicates that the pitch did not greatly favour the bowlers, while Mr. Trumper's 92 not out and Mr. Hill's 85 show that these batsmen, if no longer so young as they were, are still forces to be reckoned with. The fact, however, that Mr. Trumper was at the wicket for ten seconds without scoring, is sufficient proof that even he did not find the English bowling easy to play. Strudwick kept wicket finely, giving away only two byes, and the English fielding on the whole was up to standard; though, if a fielder, who shall be nameless, had accepted an easy chance from Mr. Hill off the first ball he received, it is improbable that the Australian captain would have made as many as he did.

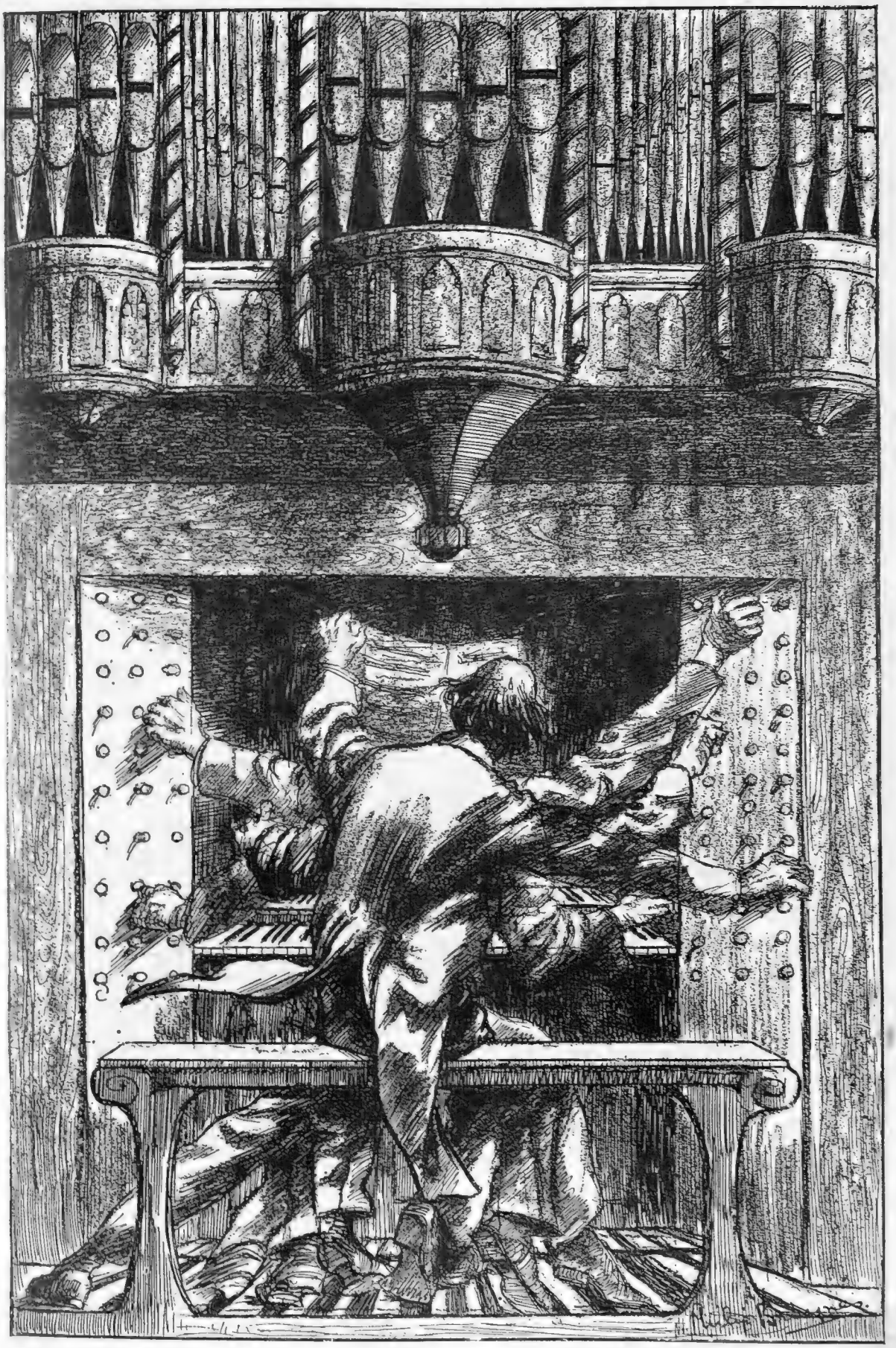
There is no need for us to be gloomy Deans. Provided that Mr. Trumper and the remaining Australian batsmen are cheaply dismissed, and our men, individually and collectively, give of their best, we have quite a reasonable chance of equalling, and even of surpassing, the total against us. N. W. F.

Photographs] EGYPT'S BEASTS OF BURDEN: AS THEY WERE IN THE BEGINNING *[E. K. Wood*

Camel and buffalo ploughing together

Buffalo ridden by little Arab girl

Our Organist



AN INSTANTANEOUS CINEMATOGRAPH BY PHILIP BAYNES

London Nights Entertainments

"JINGLE" DISCOVERS A NEW COMEDY OF MANNERS

THERE has recently been produced in London a comedy of modern life and manners which does not seem to have received the attention it deserves. The comedy is called *Charley's Aunt*, and the author, Mr. Brandon Thomas, with a singular felicity that cannot be too highly commended, has combined the methods of the classic drama with a very clear idea of what the public wants. He has adopted the device which was practised by the late Mr. William Shakespeare with far less success—the device of attiring people in the garb of the opposite sex—while at the same time he has succeeded in shearing his story of all but its clear essentials, after the manner of the Greek drama at its best. There is a direct simplicity about the story of this play, which leads me to predict with some confidence that *Charley's Aunt* will be heard of again. Mr. Thomas's methods, modern as they are, have nothing in common with those of, say, Mr. Bernard Shaw or Professor Reinhardt. Mr. Shaw would have probably interrupted his story here and there with a sermon on the inadvisability of presuming that you ever can tell, or a discourse on the obvious appropriateness of dressing a man in woman's skirts, since for some time now the women have manifested a desire to wear the—I should say, to put themselves in the men's place. Professor Reinhardt, of course, would have started Charley's "aunt" on the trot round the dress-circle and pit in order to convey the artistic illusion of a long run. Mr. Thomas, however, leaves his audiences to draw their own moral from the story, and his actors do not at any time come down into the auditorium.

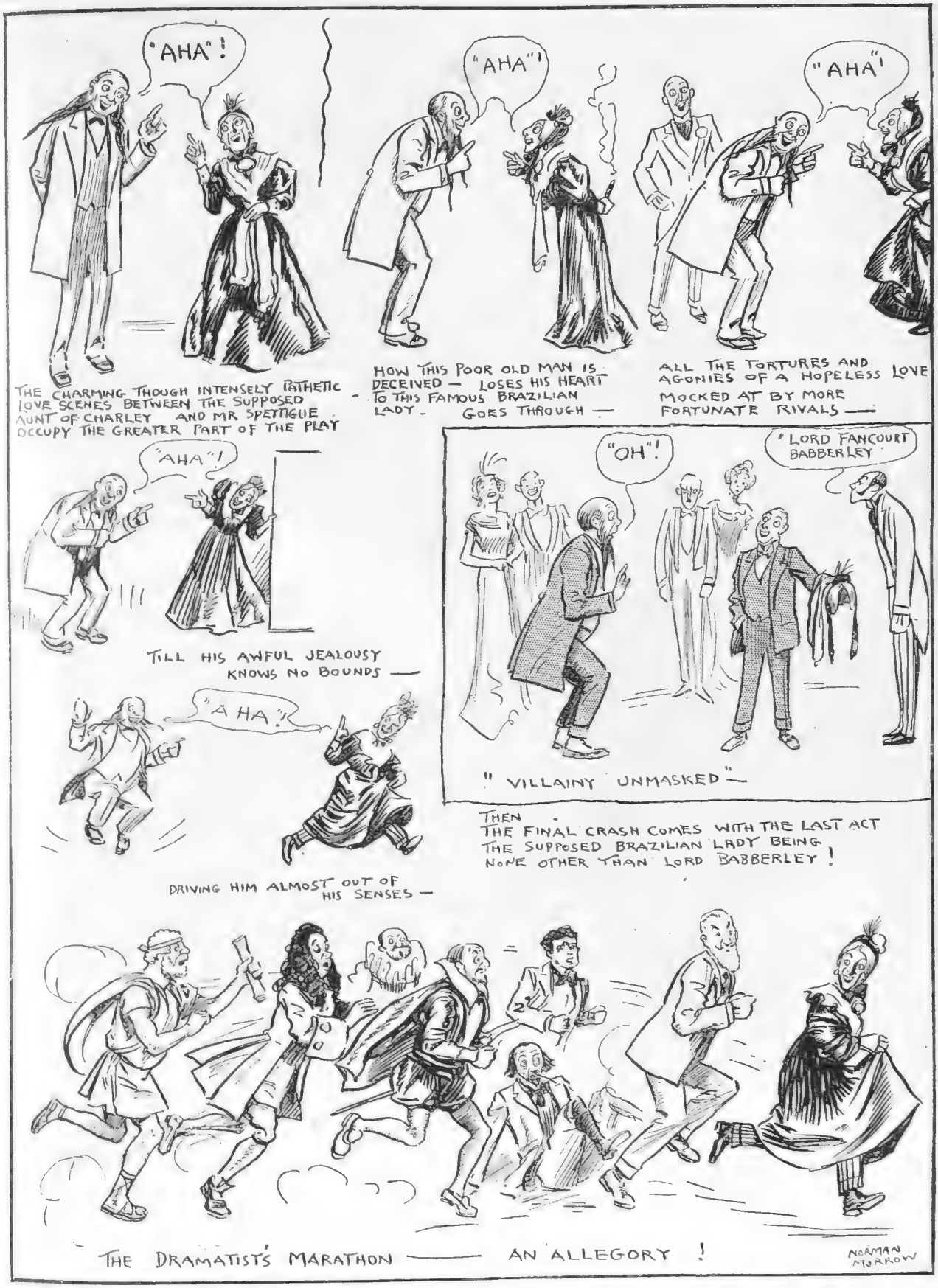
One of the earliest incidents in the play is concerned with the great Money Question. A Mr. A., wishing to tip his servant, and having no loose cash at the moment, asks Mr. B. to lend him half a crown. Mr. B., being in a similar state of impecuniosity, turns to the servant and borrows the half-crown from him. The money is then given to Mr. A., who forthwith hands it to the servant with a due expression of gratitude for help rendered. This is, of course, a biting and most effective satire on our modern fiscal system; but, delicately subtle as it is, the house grasped the idea in a moment and roared most heartily at it. Mr. Thomas has estimated the intelligence of his audiences with quite remarkable sagacity. The great idea of the play, however, is that a young man shall dress himself up to look like an old lady, and that the deception shall not be manifest to those who are not in the secret. I feel sure that if Shakespeare had lived to see *Charley's Aunt* he would have modified many of his old-fashioned ideas. I have seen audiences laugh in a politely restrained manner at a performance of *Hamlet;* but I do not remember to have heard such whole-hearted shrieks of mirth as were evoked by the spectacle of Charley's "aunt" running across the stage with his skirts held up lest they should impede his progress. Mr. Thomas has earned his success by a proper reverence for the time-honoured maxim that true humour lies in the juxtaposition of incongruities. You see, as the "aunt" runs, he reveals to us quite clearly that he is not a woman at all, because in raising his skirts he allows us to see that his underwear consists of the essential garment always associated with the sterner sex. As, however, he is supposed to be a woman, there is a marked incongruity about his action, because, of course, elderly ladies do not behave in this way in public.

I should say that *Charley's Aunt* would be quite successful in the provinces if no theatre can be found for it in London, though on the evening on which I saw the play the house was packed with an extremely appreciative audience. The adventures of the man disguised as a woman proceed with a simple directness that recalls the work of Aristophanes. As the "aunt" is supposed to be a rich widow, it is only natural that fortune-hunters should seek to marry her for her money; and as the young man in skirts is not only not a woman, but has no money either, the tremendous humour of the situation is quite obvious. There is more humour when the ladies are left to themselves in the drawing-room after dinner, and one of them gives a hint that she knows a good story and is about to tell it. This remarks sets the audience in a paroxysm of merriment, because we have somehow conceived the idea that the conversation between ladies when left to themselves is conducted with a greater freedom than when the men are present. As to the truth of this assumption I have obviously no means of forming an opinion, and, besides, it is not likely that I should make the fact public if I had. When the laughter has subsided, it turns out that the story of the lady is about nothing more exciting than an intemperate servant, so that the audience which had laughed itself almost into hysterics by over-intelligent anticipation, laughed more heartily than ever on realising that there had been nothing to laugh at in the first instance. The quality of this kind of humour is not to be denied. *Charley's Aunt* ought to prove of great use to repertory theatres.

JINGLE

The Agony of Spettigue

HEARTLESS PROBLEM PLAY AT A WEST-END THEATRE



These drawings were sent to us by Mr. Norman Morrow without any clue as to the play he intended to present. We have more than a suspicion that he has been paying a visit to the Whitney Theatre under the delusion that "Charley's Aunt" is an entirely new production

Registered design]

THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

BY BEAUMONT M. FAIRBANK

"Truth" and "The Bystander"

"ON the question whether there have not been too many illustrated weeklies in the field touched upon last week," said the Editor of *Truth* in his last week's issue, "I have had a very interesting letter from Mr. Vivian Carter, of THE BYSTANDER. He says:—

"Writing as one of the superfluous sixpenny illustrated pictorials to which you refer in this week's *Truth*, the rivalry of the daily pictorial is certainly a serious factor. The competition of the photographic daily means that the weekly has to patronise more fully the black and white artist; it has to take a broader outlook, away from the mere news of the day; to purchase photographs which make fine pictures with or without actual news-value; to print, group, and arrange them more artistically than is possible in the rush of the daily newspaper. If this is done I am unable to see why the future is necessarily black for the weekly pictorial.

"There is in England, as in America, on the Continent, and in the colonies, a public for pictorials *de luxe*. If with this is combined strong appeal to the reading public, if criticism is maintained at a high standard, if good fiction is secured, and interesting articles on broad questions of policy at home and abroad are combined with special ones concerning the hobbies and fads of men and women, the sixpenny illustrated should have a roseate future.

"I should have been inclined to think not that there were too many illustrated weeklies, but that the existing ones—with, of course, one notable exception—have not given broad enough consideration to the problem which faces them. The astounding circulations and advertising revenues in America of, say, *Collier's*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, should not be, as they are, without parallel in this kindred country.

"I suppose one reason for the bigger American sales is the bigger public. The United States has fifty million more inhabitants than the United Kingdom. Mr. Carter wants a larger world to conquer. However, what he says generally more or less confirms the opinion hazarded in *Truth* last week. The BYSTANDER, at any rate, seems to be full of exuberant vitality. It has been almost dancing on the newly made grave of its neighbour."

[America has, it is true, more than twice our population, but the circulations of the pictorial weeklies named average thirty times those of corresponding ones over here. I beg to thank *Truth* for its compliment to our vitality, though I don't actually recall executing the death-dance in question.—ED. THE BYSTANDER.]

THE BYSTANDER FORMS A UNION

Following THE BYSTANDER Dinner, described in our last issue, an interesting innovation has been decided on in the shape of a weekly luncheon and conference of editors of, and contributors to, THE BYSTANDER to discuss problems of the day, and to obtain representative opinions on matters of current policy. The meeting is officially known as "THE BYSTANDER Union," it being thought likely that it will ultimately develop into a body to which writers and illustrators outside the general staff of this journal may be made eligible.

Ladies Whose Brigl

(1) MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY; (2) MRS. WHITELAW REID (Photograph by Reginald Haines); (3) MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN (P... RS
(8) MRS. REG. VANDERBILT; (9) MRS. PERRY BELMONT (Photograph by Alman and Co.);

These photographs of some of the best-known ladies in New York Society are of interest at a time when the King's uncle ... in English Society, and if all (save those absent elsewhere) have not the honour of presentation on this ...

Eyes

CANNOT SURELY HAVE FAILED TO GLANCE GLADLY AT NEW YORK'S ROYAL VISITORS

by Lafayette); (4) MRS. GEO. GOULD; (5) MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY; (6) MRS. J. J. ASTOR; (7) MRS. NICHOLAS BROWN and Child; RS. OGDEN MILLS; (11) MRS. JOHN MACKAY (Photograph by Lafayette); (12) MRS. NEWHOUSE

unt are on a visit to New York. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught no doubt have met a number of these ladies before n, it may safely be stated that there will be considerable jealousy and backbiting among the "four hundred".

Our Navy in a Sham Fight: The Complete Absence of Method

LANDING AN ATTACKING PARTY AT WHALE ISLAND

BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE COMMUNICATIVE WOMAN

BY MAUD CHURTON BRABY

(Author of "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It," "Downward," etc.)

A TELEPHONE TRAGEDY

IN a large and extraordinarily untidy room at the very top of a tall, narrow house in Berkeley Square, a large and extraordinarily untidy woman lay at work. Her position—stretched flat on a many-cushioned divan—justifies the verb, and her occupation deserves the noun, since she did it for the greater part of every day and earned many thousands of pounds thereby.

Mrs. Amyas Rendlesham, the famous romantic novelist, author of "The Purple Embrace," "Two on a Torpedo," "Passion-Pale," "Pain o' the Heart," and numerous other works that had endeared her to the simple novel-reading British public, rose daily at five a.m. and dictated several hundreds of lurid sentences to a desiccated-looking stenographer during the course of the morning. Her husband acted as her agent and business manager generally, so that she had nothing to do but lie on her divan for some hours daily, and emit the stream of fearful and wonderful words that so magically kept the household in all the luxuries of life. Jealous gentlemen who wrote scholarly treatises in the sixpenny reviews, and sent their sons to cheap grammar schools (Mrs. Rendlesham's sons were at Eton) often made fun of her books. In deftly turned, contemptuous sentences they let their limited public know exactly the number of times the words "passion," "purple," "anguished," "madly," etc., occurred per page, and many scores of Mrs. Rendlesham's acquaintances took the trouble to cut out these paragraphs and expend a halfpenny stamp on forwarding them to her.

In appearance, the novelist was quite comically unlike her books. Tall, not uncomely, with ample, matronly figure, a gentle smile, kind, rather dull blue eyes, many chins, and masses of blonde, untidy hair, she looked more like a Teutonic *haus-frau* than a successful writer, amazingly versed in the furies and delights of the erotic passion.

Mrs. Rendlesham allowed herself half an hour's recreation in the middle of her long and strenuous morning's work—a period generally spent in receiving telephone messages from her more intimate friends. Her glance was fixed anxiously on the clock now, as she drew near the end of the allotted four thousand words.

"'*No, no!*' *cried Louis impetuously, as the cruel words left Miriam's lips,* '*it shall never be!*' *Seizing her almost roughly, he crushed her passionately in his arms*——"

"He did that on the previous page," interposed the secretary, in an expressionless voice that contrasted strangely with the deep, vibrating tones of Mrs. Rendlesham.

"What—passionate crush? Are you sure it wasn't a mad clasp?"

"No, here it is: '*With a sob of triumph, Louis crushed Elaine passionately in his arms.*'"

"Ah, that was Elaine; this is Miriam. I thought I hadn't made a mistake—one woman, one passionate crush—give the poor girls their due. However, it won't do, alter it to '*clasped her madly in his arms, while*—er—er—*i' his arms, stifling her protests with a shower of passionate kisses.* "*You're mine—mine!*" *he murmured.* "*I will never let you go!*" *And in her humble lodging, Elaine lay weeping the saddest of all tears—the tears of the deserted.*' That's the end of the chapter, thank heaven. I'll stop now, Brownie."

The dessicated stenographer whistled down a speaking-tube.

"Madame's beef-tea, please, and will Gardiner put the 'phone messages through."

Ting-ting-ting went the telephone. Mrs. Rendlesham curled herself up once more on the divan, and unhooked the receiver with an expression of enjoyment on her mild, motherly face.

"Who—Mrs. Edgar Twyner? Yes, I'll speak to her; get her number now and I'll hold the line. Waiting is she? . . . That you, Yvonne? Good-morning. . . Yes, madly rushed as usual, but always time for you, dear. . . What, again! Are you really? That's interesting. . . I *am* glad; you're so much more human when you're in love, and you seem to have been good for years. . . Truly serious, this time? Oh, I've heard that before. . . All right, I'll believe you, but get on with it. Do I know him? . . . Lucien Anstey . . . a barrister and journalist? . . . No, never heard of him. . . Wrong?—do I think it wrong? My dear girl, I really can't undertake to advise on the moral question; I never do. Just sum it all up for yourself, and ask yourself: 'Is it good enough?' That's the only way. . . You've had two husbands, you ought to know. . . Very kind of you to say so. Of course I *do* understand life—still, I've only had one husband to your two. . . Oh, of course, if you're going to treat the *affaire* like that, we must talk it over seriously. . . He's coming to you at four to-day? Very well, I'll look in at three, on my way to the Embassy bazaar. . . Yes, stay till he comes. . . Good! Then I can advise you better. Good-bye, buck up!" . . .

Presently the click of the typewriter ceased, and Miss Brown came silently from the other room.

"I see you've got to chapter 15, Mrs. Rendlesham, so the next will be Mervyn's death scene, and we've no lilies."

"Really, have we got as far as that? Well, 'phone up Harrods at once for lilies; I can't possibly do a death scene without them—say they must be strong-smelling Harrissi lilies—and till they come I'll answer the strangers' letters. Anything special to-day?"

"Four women write from suburban addresses to know how to——"

"Make a man love them, I suppose? The old, old question, poor idiots!"

. . . . . .

(All rights strictly reserved)

Yvonne Twyner's first husband, a stockbroker, had devotedly loved and dangerously bored her. He liked what hotel prospectuses call "honest English food"—and gilt picture-frames, and womanly women, and plays that made him laugh. During her four years of wedlock with him, Yvonne thought hell must be peopled with uxorious husbands, but when he died, suddenly and inconsiderately, of a neglected cold, she was surprised to find how much she mourned him, and what an immense blank his absence made in her existence. She tried to console herself with culture—it was the day of the soulful just then—and being pretty, exquisitely slim, well-to-do, and lonely, she soon married again—this time a literary man, whose intense preoccupation with himself rendered ultra-uxoriousness an unlikely contingency. Edgar Twyner had first piqued and attracted her by his utter indifference to her femininity, but when she found herself married to a man who did not know the difference between pink silk and pink flannelette, though he could spend ten minutes tying his uninteresting black tie, she bitterly bewailed the premature decease of her devoted stockbroker, and embarked on a career of philandering with more than the usual zest of neglected wives in the early 'thirties.

On this particular afternoon in May she was dressing with that special attention to detail and air of joyous keenness with which women dress for some particular man. The way she flicked her powder-puff—humming a waltz tune; sprayed her curls with perfume—making eyes at herself the while in the glass; the air with which she contemplated her shapely limbs—black satin fastened at the knee with gold buttons and from thence merging into the thinnest of violet silk stockings and gilt-buckled purple shoes (it was an era when petticoat manufacturers went bankrupt), all combined to show that she was busily engaged in fulfilling her mission in life.

"It really does improve you," said her friend, Mrs. Rendlesham, thoughtfully, making mental notes for the attire of some future passionate heroine, as the black satin limbs were decorously concealed by a gown of violet chiffon. "I suppose it's one of Nature's deadly tricks to serve her own purpose."

"I sometimes wonder what Nature's purpose is as regards me," said Yvonne rather sombrely, as she swathed a slip of purple and gold embroidery round her head. "I have no children, and Edgar's one of those men who require a mirror, an echo, not an alive wife."

"Well, don't bleat about it, dear," returned her friend; "half the women nowadays are grizzling because they have no children, and the other half because they have too many. It's the same about fatness and thinness. Now tell me all about your latest; d'you expect me to believe you're seriously in love?"

"Yes, rather!" said Yvonne with sudden warmth. "He isn't good-looking, or magnetic, or anything particular, but there's something about him that's just *got* me." She put both hands to her breast with a charming gesture of abandonment. A look of deep interest overspread the novelist's face.

"Do you really mean it? How gorgeous to feel like that! Really, I quite envy you. The best gift of life is the power to feel, and so few of us have the capacity left. 'Lead us into temptation' should be the modern prayer; it's so difficult to be tempted nowadays. Modern women as they grow more civilised, more complex, become more fastidious, and in the future . . ."

"Please save that for a book, Laura, dear, and talk about me," said Yvonne, trying the effect of a turquoise pendant on her purple bosom, and rejecting it for one of green jade that held wicked lights in its lucent depths. "I'm ready now; come into the drawing-room and let us talk *steadily* till he comes."

Edgar Twyner's taste in art was distinctly severe. He had furnished the flat to please himself, and, bearing in mind that his aim had been the austere, one was compelled to admit his complete success: the flat was chaste—to sterility. White bedrooms, a grey drawing-room, a brown dining-room, a black hall—it was no home for a lively young woman. Nevertheless, Yvonne's golden hair and violet draperies looked charming against the severe greyness of the drawing-room as the two women settled themselves by the fire.

"Now, Laura, you won't laugh at my innocence."

"Your what, my dear? Your innocence! Oh, no, dear, I won't laugh at *that!*" Delicate shrieks of laughter from both women echoed through the flat.

"It sounds absurd," continued Yvonne, "but d'you know I've never felt like this before; no other man has ever impressed me so much. I'm most frightfully anxious to really *get* him; but just because of that I seem to have lost all my wit, and in spite of my experience, I—I—well, honestly, I don't know how to bring it off. Help me, Laura, dear."

Here was a task after the novelist's own heart.

"Delighted, darling; you're magnificent copy for me. First tell me how far you've got? Has he kissed you?"

"Oh, no! Why he's not even said anything yet."

"Not said anything! All done by telepathy, then? That sounds a novelty."

"Don't be a donkey, Laura—I mean, of course, that he's not made any declaration."

"Declarations are a back number, surely. My readers like them, but they're rather *demodé* in real life. The up-to-date lover just makes sure of his welcome and then starts making love without any compromising statements or tiresome vows. But as time's passing, let's get to the point. Tell me exactly how you feel and how much has happened."

Yvonne sat upright; her eyes gleamed and her words came with a rush.

"Laura, I've flirted and all that, as you know, and tried to fill my life and to keep going, but when it's serious, when one really feels, it's all so different. I feel a beast to Edgar; he trusts me so, you know, and yet, on the other hand, what good am I to him? His work, his blessed little thin books of essays and poetry, entirely fill his life. He's one of those men who don't want a wife, they only want a mother—someone to provide the feminine touch, run the home, and remain on the hearth-rug ready when wanted. But I'm alive, and I'm still young, and I want to mean something to a man—as a woman. I mean nothing to Edgar. It's an awful thing for a woman

(Continued on page 240)

A Pantomime "Boy"

WHO SHOULD BE CONTENT WITH HER SEX

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS CLARA BECK, PRINCIPAL BOY IN THE PANTOMIME AT THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, LIVERPOOL

She made her first appearance in "The Orchid" six years ago, at the age of sixteen. In three months time she was allotted a principal part, and had great success while touring in Australia

(Continued from page 238)

of my temperament to look in the glass and feel that one's being wasted, that there's no man in the world to whom one matters."

"But there must be lots to whom you matter."

"No good if it isn't mutual, and a bit over. O, Laura, I've so longed for a man to come into my life who could really interest and hold me."

"Well, now he's come, for, apparently, you've got it badly, so there's no need to invite wrinkles by worrying. I take it matters are at the delicate initial stage, when, so to speak, a word too much, or an unbecoming light, may ruin all. It's *thinking* such a lot about the man in the intervals of meeting that spoils so many promising *affaires*; one gets *ahead*, as it were, in one's imagination, and thus terrifies the man, who is far behind. Men, you see, never think about a woman, except when she's their immediate need—so wise of them, isn't it?"

"Of course, I'm thinking about him all day long and most of the night."

"It's bad stage-management, believe me. I must send you Form A. It's the one we send to all my readers who write asking how to win a man's love. It begins with a list of 'Nevers.' '*A man must never be censured, criticised, or reproached by the woman who wishes to win his love. Never cry before him, never worry him to write letters, or make any kind of complaint about such letters as he voluntarily writes. Never answer letters by return, unless business requires it. Never be first at the rendezvous, but yet avoid keeping the man waiting unless he is deeply épris, and then the longer he waits the better.*' I forget the rest; there's some lovely heart-to-heart stuff at the end. Form A has been responsible for many happy marriages, I am convinced. Then we have Form B for lovers' quarrels—a most useful piece of literature."

"It sounds worthy of your circulation, dearest. And you actually get such letters every day, and answer them with that form? Does no *man* ever write and ask you the same question?"

"Never, they've too much sense—and too much conceit. They always take it for granted that they are loved; must naturally be loved. Who ever heard of a man asking a woman 'Do you love me?' Yet it's a thing women are never tired of asking. The more I think of it the more dreadful it seems to me to be a modern woman. Over-sexed, under-educated, and insufficiently occupied—what will become of us?"

Mrs. Rendlesham talked on, interested in her subject. Yvonne was hardly attending, her eyes were on the clock, and her ears straining for the sound of wheels in the court-yard. When at last the bell tinkled through the flat, she knew once more by the sudden faintness of her heart, the flutter and tremble of her whole being, that she was indeed in the grip of that tormenting madness

"Whose glory has the light of unknown heavens,
And makes hot hell for those who harbour it."

Mrs. Rendlesham's interested gaze took in every detail of the newcomer's appearance. Had he disappeared the next second, she could have described him accurately as tall, dark, serious-looking, yet with a promising twinkle at the extreme back of his hazel eyes, a spare figure never likely to become fat, thick dark hair, well-cut, yet unsmart clothes, excellent boots, a regrettable tie, inexcusably tied, a satisfactory watch-ribbon with pendant fob, and unexpectedly hot socks. That brief glance would have enabled the novelist to put Lucien Anstey's outward man bodily into a book, and gave her as well a very shrewd idea as to his character and temperament.

"Strange how Yvonne's taste runs to the austere, though she's starving for its very antithesis," was her mental comment. When she took her leave a few minutes later, Anstey seated himself in her vacant chair, and Yvonne resumed hers, without pushing it back, so that their knees almost touched. She was excited by the previous conversation, and drew her breath deeply in a delicious tingle of joy and fear, waiting for his first words. The man looked straight at her.

"Well, and what do you think of this Insurance Bill?" he said. "Now, to my mind——"

Yvonne, with difficulty, controlled her temper.

. . . . . .

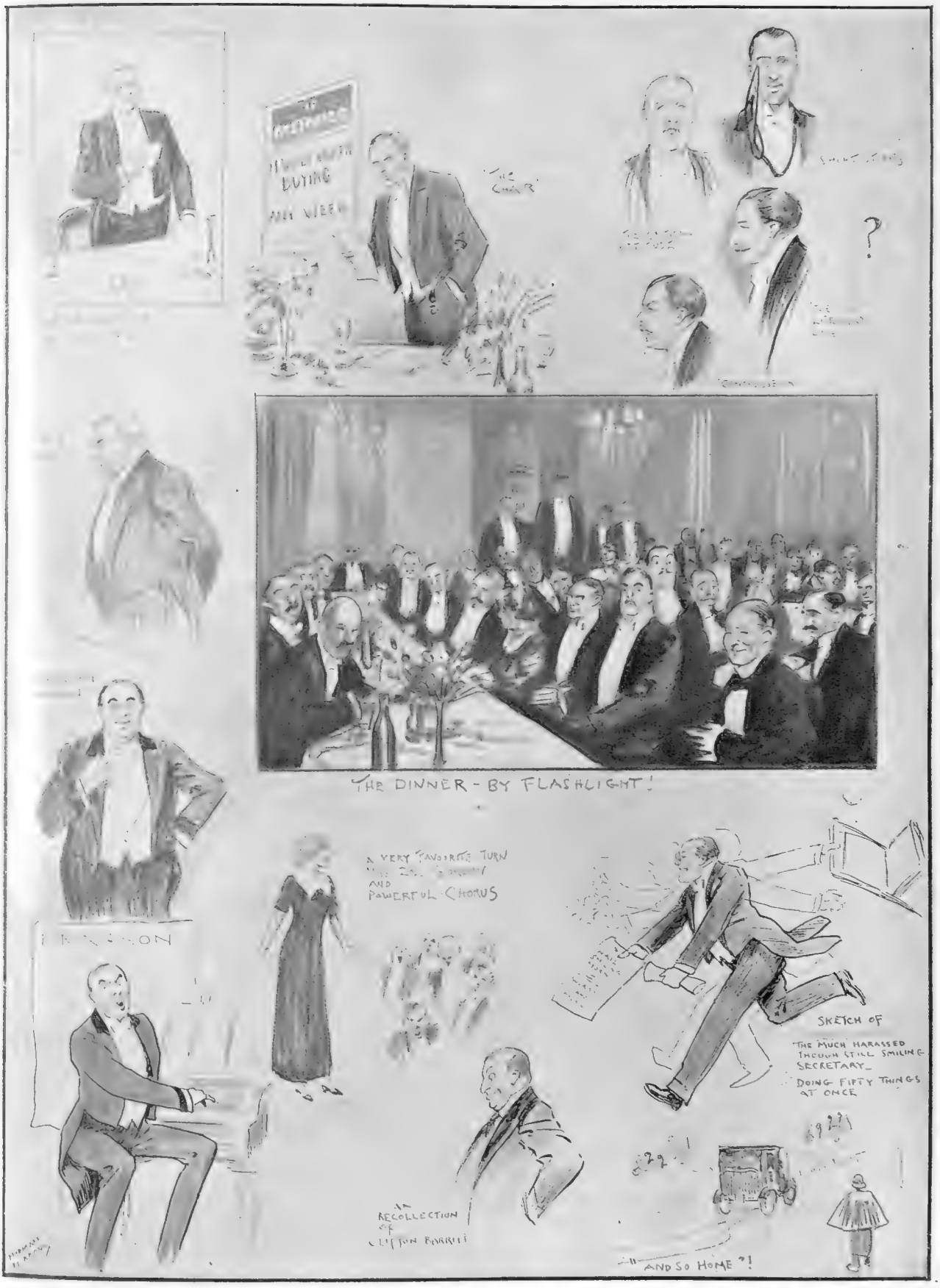
"Yes, 0002 Western. . . Yes, Mrs. Twyner. . . Is that you, Laura? . . . At last! Oh, I'm so glad you're back from Biarritz. . . A whole month, and I have so missed you. I've got such heaps to tell you. . . Bother; there's some one else on the line. Go away, please, go *away!* . . . Exchange! Exchange! Clear the line, please . . . that's better. Are you there, Laura? I was saying I've lots to tell you. . . *Naturally*, about Lucien, as you wisely guess! . . Oh, Laura, you are clever; you do give splendid advice. . . Yes, ever since I began to do exactly as you said, everything's gone right. . . What? *What?* You suppose that means I'm about to break a certain commandment? Now, don't be vulgar, dear; have I deserved that? . . . Of course not—never! It shall never get to that. . . I always keep clear of the commandments. . . Yes, rather! He really couldn't be keener. . . Yes, I simply adore him. . . Yes, dozens and dozens of times, and he *does* it so beautifully. . . No, one wouldn't think it from his appearance; but really he's a most awfully clever lover. . . It's often the way; the dullest one I ever had was an actor, who looked as if women would go to hell for him. . . Getting on, am I? . . . Well, it's something to shock *you*. . . Yes, I feel an entirely different woman; I feel a goddess. . . He says such lovely things, Laura, too. Can you hear me plainly? Listen—he never says 'Kiss me,' but always 'Give me your lips'; isn't that artistic. There's that man on the line again; go *away*, please. . . What? . . . What? . . . Oh! . . . *Oh*, Laura! *Laura!* Did you hear? *It was Lucien's voice!* He's been on the line all the time! He said, 'This is too much!' I heard it distinctly; didn't you? . . . My God! he must have heard everything. . . I tell you it's quite possible; it's happened to me before; they call it a mis-call, or something like that, at the Exchange. . . Oh, Laura, what can I do? Oh, he'll never forgive me; no man would . . ."

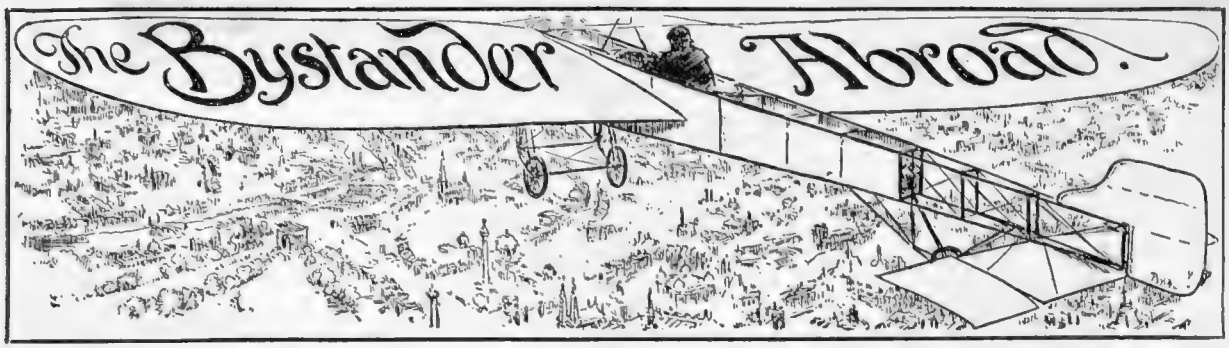
Yvonne let the receiver fall from her hands, as she broke into piteous weeping. In vain Mrs. Rendlesham called down the line comforting extracts from Form B. And in a room in the Temple a man sat at his telephone, rather a bitter smile on his grim face.

"Is nothing sacred to them?" he muttered. "Heaven defend me from the Communicative Woman!"

MAUD CHURTON BRADY

Bystanders at Dinner

AN IMPRESSION OF THE RECENT FOREGATHERING AT THE TROCADERO

As—naturally—one of those present at the "Bystander" staff dinner, described in our last issue, Mr. Norman Morrow improved the shining hour by sketching his colleagues. The dinner was intended to bring members of "The Bystander" staff into closer social touch with one another, and its object was most successfully fulfilled



PARIS SHOWS et AUTRES CHOSES

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

SHOWS this week, *et comment!* The one thing Paris never learns is moderation. We have not had any new plays at all since Christmas week, and now all of a sudden they are as plentiful as quills on the fretful porcupine, breadcrumbs in an invalid's bed, or anything else nice and poetical you can imagine which brings variety and upsets the humdrum run of our little lives. We were all at sea at the Odéon. I don't mean that we had been lunching at Foyot's opposite or anything of that kind, but the play was written by a lady who had elected to set the problem on board ship. The ship was called *Le Rèdoutable*. So was the play a little.

She, Them, and It

SHE was the admiral's wife. They were the admiral and *l'autre*. It was the other fellow's bad behaviour. I don't pretend to explain why, but it is sober fact that when you meet an admiral in a French play you need only look round till your eye lights on the first lieutenant handy, and there you have his wife's lover. The admiral, of course, knew nothing about it. Mrs. Admiral loved Lieutenant Malte with all the strenuousness and passion of forbidden love. Directly the dear old admiral's back was turned she snuggled into the lieutenant's collar-bone, and told him so. He replied (the play was written by an authoress, you know) by setting forth the shipwrecked condition of his financial affairs, and making it clear that the only thing worth living for was life. When this sort of thing is told early in Act I. by a handsome French naval officer to an elderly admiral's wife, you know that he has committed a crime of some kind. Lieutenant Malte was the son of a village grocer. The pedigree of Mrs. Admiral went back to antiquity. Therefore Malte thought it no sin to steal State documents to which he had access, and sell the photographs of them, and Mrs. Admiral, though she abhorred his crime, had to snuggle into his other shoulder-blade and whisper that she couldn't help it.

The Search

The documents were missed, and the admiral had the ship searched. I know very little about naval matters myself, but do admirals' wives usually have rooms on board for themselves and their children? They did on board *Le Rédoutable*. M. Delcassé should be told of it. Mrs. Admiral froze into astounded dignity, blew a tear off the end of her nose, and at her husband's stern request gave up her keys. The documents were not found in her cabin, because they were not there. They were not found anywhere else on board ship for precisely the same reason. Then an officer was sent to search the rooms of his brother-officers on shore, and came back with a volume of the encyclopædia neatly covered in paper, which represented the missing code-book. Tears. Oh, *Mon Dieu*, a speech from the grocer's son about the rights of man, and doubt. It was not very sure, you see, that the lieutenant had stolen the code-book with intent to photograph parts of it to sell to a foreign Power. Nobody knew this fact except a few hundred people in the audience and the guilty lady who bore the admiral's name. So, although Malte was arrested, he was capable of returning, without a stain upon his character, to the post of orderly officer and tame cat to Mrs. A., and Mrs. A., knowing him to be a ter-r-r-raitor, flung herself into the briny ocean. Whereupon we went and had drinks too. Wee—rather slow.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR IN FRANCE: "JULIETTE DODU"

The above striking picture, from the brush of E. J. Delahaye, exhibited at the Salon des Artistes Français, has been declared by critics and public alike to be the picture of the year in France. The canvas illustrates a stirring episode of the Franco-Prussian war, when Juliette Dodu, a pretty peasant girl, was led into the presence of Prince Friedrich-Karl of Prussia to be interrogated before being shot. The young woman exhibited such extraordinary fortitude and fearlessness that the Prince, much moved, asking permission to shake her hand, promptly pardoned her

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

ARMY AND NAVY BILLS

After Morocco

Two more Army Corps, eight more battleships in commission, and a flotilla of submarines—that is the result of Morocco. Already the newspapers are discounting the attitude towards these plans of the new Reichstag; and already an inspired Berlin organ sums up the situation: "If the Reichstag rejects them, or makes any material alteration, it will immediately be dissolved."

Naval Proposals

THE Army and Navy Bills will cost the Empire only some £3,750,000 a year. The Navy Bill does not involve building any more ships (unless, which is likely, Admiral Tirpitz later brings in a separate Bill providing for a third Dreadnought per annum, in addition to the legal two). But it is of great importance for England, because it will provide Germany with eight additional commissioned battleships. The Navy Law provides for four squadrons of eight battleships, of which two squadrons shall compose the active fleet, the third being a reserve squadron in commission, and the fourth a reserve squadron out of commission. Hitherto both reserve squadrons (as far as they existed have been out of commission), with the exception of two odd battleships. Now six more ships will be put in commission; and with this the Navy Law will be carried into effect. All the Reichstag has to do is to vote the money. Germany's main gain will be that 50 per cent. more men than formerly will be in constant training, and ready for war.

Army Organisation

THE Army Bill seems at first sight a question of paper. It provides for two new Army Corps, one at Allenstein, another at Freiburg, in Baden. The material will be got out of the 1st Army Corps (East Prussia) and the 14th (Baden and Upper Alsace), both of which at present have three divisions instead of the normal two. During peace this is mainly a matter of organisation. But when war breaks out Germany will have the *cadres*, and complete organisation of two additional Army Corps; and with reserves the Army will take the field two corps stronger than it could to-day. The special weapons, commissariat, train, sanitary service, and everything else will be ready.

Photograph *Bert*

MLLE. SPINELLI IN AN ORIGINAL POSE

Mlle. Spinelli is about to make her appearance in a new play in Paris. Like Polaire and many other vaudeville artists, Spinelli owes her popularity more to her clever poses and attractive personality than to any gifts of voice or acting

The Usual Grumbles

NATURALLY, neither Army nor Navy forwards are satisfied. The Navy forwards insist that the proposals are of no use without the annual extra Dreadnought cruiser; and the Army forwards, represented by the new *Wehrverein*, an analogue to the Navy League, find that the Army is being badly neglected for the sake of the Navy. Professor Hans Delbrueck, editor of the *Preussische Jahrbuecher*, complains that too small a proportion of Germany's youth is undergoing military training. Others complain that Germany has no ally; and point to Italy's enmity and Austria's calm indifference during the Morocco crisis. They talk derisively about the "Thanks for Bosnia," and indicate Count Aehrenthal's attitude by depicting him seated in a refrigerator.

The Critical Attitude

Applied to the Affairs of the World in General

By Ford Madox Hueffer

ENGLAND—THE HOME OF DYSPEPSIA

Attention at Last

The other day I was at lunch at a house where I am not, as a rule, listened to with enormous respect—where, in fact, I am just anybody else. I was talking to my neighbour about something, and there was the usual buzz of other conversations. And then, slowly, subconsciously, I became aware of an oddness, an almost uncomfortable abnormality. A complete silence was falling; all the eyes were beginning to be upon me, all the ears were beginning to be mine. Now, in that house I have talked about politics, about how to write books, about Henry VIII., about religion, about the Drama, and the Russian dancers. But I have never been listened to by anyone other than by my neighbour for the time being, and by her, frequently enough, with a distracting inattention. But on this occasion I was talking about my rule of health.

An Engrossing Topic

My rule of health is simple in the extreme. It is this: "Insure yourself against illness; never think about your health at all; and then—do what you want and take what you get for it." . . . Of course, more details go to it than this, and these I will furnish in a minute. Let me now just excuse myself for writing what must in the nature of it be the most simple egotism imaginable. The fact is that at one point of my discourse I was interrupted by an earnest person earnestly begging me to publish the results of my investigations into the subject of health. It had been no investigation; I think that in the last seven years I have given the subject of my health no thought at all. None, just absolutely none! But here I am publishing my experiences for the sake of that very earnest person, who really made me see that the subject of health is the only one that is really all-engrossing at a London lunch-table. And, of course, when one comes to think of it, it is; and it is natural, it is inevitable, that it should be so.

The Horrors of Cocoa

I do not know whether you are aware that in foreign lands this country is spoken of as "Le Pays des Pillules" or "Das Pillenland"—the country of Patent Medicines. And yet England is extraordinarily the land of Patent Medicines. I fancy that without subsidies from pill and cocoa millionaires, for instance, His Majesty's Government could not exist. Certainly half the newspapers must shut down did the advertisements for these things cease suddenly, and we should, but for pills, have lacked some of our best music lately. (I am thinking, of course, of Sir Joseph and Mr. Thomas Beecham, who have nothing to be ashamed of.) So, merely statistically and politically, these things are of an immense national importance. Now, no one would take pills for pleasure; the sensation of a hardish, small pellet watered down a gullet can be agreeable to no Christian throat. And cocoa is a filthy drink, that no sane person would prefer to bad rum punch or the very cheapest medoc. And it stands to reason that the consumption of millions and millions of pills and cups of cocoa can have done no appreciable good to the English race, otherwise, all men being cured, the consumption would cease, since no man would take pills or drink cocoa for fun. Yet His Majesty's Government is still at the helm, and the world is full of useless and foolish newspapers.

British Diet

What, then, do we arrive at? Simply at the fact that the diet of England is extraordinarily unsuited for the inhabitants of great cities. And that is really it. The Englishman has changed his habits of life in every other particular but his cookery, and then he wonders that he is hypochondriacal and dyspeptic. Before the English were a town-dwelling race they were in the habit of wolfing down great masses of tepid, underdone meat, of some sort of grass boiled in water, of some sort of clotted meal-stuff that was called a pudding. Then the good Englishman walked off the terrible effects of the sodden mass in his stomach. He plodded over miles and miles of turnips, carrying a gun and in search of something to kill, whilst his wife sat at home and had vapours and migraines and became generally "feminine" and unfitted for the vote. Nowadays the Englishman—the immense majority of him—is no longer fitted for tramping in among the heavy mists over miles and miles of wet turnip leaves. His life has changed. But still, with his touching idealism, though he cannot lead a life of nature, he must idealise a diet of a nature that would kill a Patagonian savage in three weeks. I write these things in a light strain, but that is the tragic truth. My best friends—my very best Tory friends—are an intolerable nuisance whenever they dine with me. They must always have the good, simple, underdone English beef that, thank God, my cook has nearly forgotten how to send up—a dismal thing, that resembles tepid, moist, pink india-rubber. They must always have cabbage boiled in water and

Mediæval Glories

ROTHENBURG, WHERE NO NEW BUILDINGS MAY BE ERECTED

THE BEREITER'S HOUSE

A typically picturesque building at Rothenburg

THE INNER RODER-TOR

This view is typical of the ancient gateways of the town

Photographs *Knox*

THE PLÖNLEIN AT ROTHENBURG ON THE TAUBER, BAVARIA

This is a typical scene in the little town which still retains its mediæval features in every respect—you will even notice that the streets are lighted by lanterns swung across on chains. It is surrounded by massive tower-studded walls and gateways, while inside, as no new buildings are allowed to be erected, Rothenburg remains one of the most marvellous remnants of mediævalism in Europe

ghastly messes called suet-puddings—with treacle. And they are always ill after it. After every meal they are ill. And one takes somebody's pills, and one takes Turkish baths, and one drinks warm water, and one never smokes, and one drinks a cup of cocoa before going to bed, and then complains of sleeplessness. And every one of these invalids cries: "For God's sake, none of your poisonous foreign kickshaws!"

Early Pallid Days

In this land of pale, anxious, and dyspeptic shades, I am conscious of moving like a pink, gross, and abominable savage. I eat what I like. I drink what I like. Even "English"* cooking I can assimilate on the rare occasions when I cannot avoid it. Yet ten years ago I was a phantom—a pallid thing, weighing, in spite of my six foot of stature, less than nine stone. I thought of nothing but my health, and after each meal, which consisted of a small portion of pink and tepid meat, washed down with warm water, I ate an enormous handful of pepsin tablets. I never dined out simply because I could not carry enough pepsin without spoiling the fit of my clothes. These are absolute facts. For years I had lived on "English" cooking, and had for nine years at least never had enough even of that, and I had all sorts of diseases of the circulation, in addition to anæmia of the brain. I simply did not manufacture enough blood out of my diet to nourish a child of twelve. Then one day I lunched at my club opposite a doctor.

* It is really not English at all, but Dutch-Hanoverian, coming in along with William III. and being concentrated under the Georges.

Beer and Lobsters

At one stage of my meal he said, "Have some beer." And that was the salvation of me. No, I am not going to sing a pæan in praise of Scotch ale; I leave that to abler pens. For the conversation continued thus: Said I, "I wish I could, but I dare not." And he, "Why?" I said, "It would kill me," and he added gruffly, "That is because you do not take enough." And from that I have worked out my rule of health. I went and insured myself against illness, for I have to make a living, and then I did what I should have considered the maddest things if it had not been manifest to me then that I was dying—of sheer starvation. There were, for instance, lobsters; I had always believed that lobsters were poison for me. Well, I ate lobsters—one every day for fourteen days. I expected to be very ill, but I did not much care, for I was insured to the tune of twelve guineas a week against illness. And, presumably, just because I did not care much, I was only moderately incommoded for the first week or eight days. Then I suffered no more at all. I had broken in my digestion. And as it was with lobsters so with everything else that I cared for. I just broke my digestion in. And now I can digest just anything that I like. Things I do not care for I have neglected. But with most foods I can just do what I like—and from that day to this I have never thought of my health or spent a day in bed.

Photograph MISS ZOË GORDON [*Bassano*

Who is to play the part of Gladys, a cheeky parlourmaid, in "The Mind the Paint Girl," which is to be produced at the Duke of York's Theatre next month. Miss Gordon is at present playing in "Where the Rainbow Ends" at the Savoy Theatre

Eat—Don't Think!

This, then, was my message to that lunch-table that till then had regarded me as a bore, but then hung on my lips. And I am sure that it is the message that this city more than anything needs. Because of our mists we are too introspective in the matter of diet as of morals; what we seek more than anything else is something that will "do us good." And if we can all learn that what will do us good is to do without thinking we shall certainly not make the effort to think. Of course, I do not mean that a man with inflammation of the coats of the stomach ought at once to start out upon a diet of curried nails, but in the average there is nothing at all the matter with us. There cannot be, or we should all of us long since have died—of "English" cooking.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

A Camera Nocturne

ST. PANCRAS BY NIGHT: BY W. L. F. WASTELL, F.R.P.S.

GOLF NOTES & NOTIONS

By ERNEST LEHMANN

MR. H. L. DOHERTY DRIVING FROM THE TENTH TEE AT COMBE HILL

Golf has gained where lawn tennis has lost, for Mr. "Laurie" Doherty is nearly as proficient at "the gowf" as he was at the game of which he was formerly the Champion. He is seen above playing for Combe Hill v. Oxford University, where he contributed materially to his side's victory by 8 matches to 4

"ALSO GOLFED A LITTLE": THE LATE MR. J. MAUNSELL RICHARDSON

Chiefly famous as a cross-country rider—he twice rode the winner of the Grand National—Mr. Richardson was an adept at sport of all kinds. He represented Harrow and Cambridge at cricket with distinction, and was an expert racket player, runner, and fencer; while in later years his natural aptitude for games enabled him to take kindly to golf

The Caddie Problem

IN the middle 'seventies, when I was initiated into the sacred mysteries of ball and club, the caddie was a fearful and a wonderful being. I leave out of purview the caddie in the South as being then but a negligible rarity, and more a sort of casual beast of burden than a rational human being. But the Scottish caddie was the real article, and a *génius* quite apart. He seemed to be born into his profession by heredity and to remain in it to the day of his death. Apparently, he had no ambition to rise to anything higher, and served a succession of masters with absolute fidelity and considerable intelligence. That species of caddie, whatever might be his failings, realised to the full the definition of a caddie given in the glossary of golfing terms appended to an old St. Andrews book of the rules in my possession. He is there defined as "a person who carries the golfer's clubs, and who can usually give him advice in regard to the game." Well, that species of caddie, with very rare exceptions, has died out, and the modern golfer very seldom looks to his henchman for anything but the strictly necessary services of carrying his clubs, handing a club when required, marking the ball, and, above all, keeping a still tongue in his head. The game has lost a good deal, in my opinion, by the disappearance of the intimate bond which used to bind master and caddie together in the old days. Much of this disappearance is due to the fact that players found that their caddies knew very little about the game, and were merely automata, more or less perfectly trained for the bare necessities of their calling. Then, too, players did not concern themselves much about their caddies apart from the daily rounds of the game. What became of them in the intervals or the off-days, or what they developed into in later life, seemed to be no concern of theirs. So long as the player found that a caddie of decent activity and not too profound ignorance of the details of his calling was ready and able to carry his clubs round the links he was satisfied.

Some Would-Be Solvers of It

But the bacillus of introspection has invaded the golfer, and societies have been formed for the bettering of the caddie profession and its outlook and prospects. Several of the metropolitan clubs, such as Sunningdale, to take one notable example, took the matter in hand and started classes for the caddies in which they were taught the elements of various useful trades and professions. Recently two societies have also attacked the problem, the Agenda Club and the Caddies' Aid Association. I have not space in my present article to go fully into the aims of these two societies. I hope to do this next week. For the moment I confine myself to welcoming the appearance of these two bodies. I am glad to say they are working in perfect harmony. They have one object common to both of them, a thorough examination of the problem presented by the caddie in all its bearings, with the ultimate hope of devising some method by which the reproach of a blind-alley occupation may be removed from golf.

Royalty on Runners

The Queen of Norway: Snapshotted by King Haakon

The Crown Princess of Sweden taking her Morning Constitutional on the Ice in Stockholm Harbour

FROM these interesting photos of the Queen of Norway, the Crown Princess of Sweden, and other august personages enjoying their august selves on ski or sleigh, it must not be rashly presumed that they have been bitten by the prevailing craze, that winter sport, in fact, like a Bill in Parliament, has, as it were, "received the Royal assent." These delightful pastimes have been indulged in for years, before the fascinations of winter sport were discovered by the British and American tourist and boomed by enterprising Continental "hotelier." It must be rather amusing, on the whole, to an expert ski-runner like Prince Wilhelm of Sweden to find himself suddenly on a pinnacle of photograph fame because the sports of his country have become the fashionable craze of "le monde ou l'on s'amuse"

A Royal High Jump: Prince Wilhelm of Sweden making a Jump on Ski

Prince Olaf of Norway poses to the Camera before putting on his Ski

Returning from a Ski-Run: An Exclusive Snapshot of the Crown Princess and the Crown Prince of Germany

The Heir to the Throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha goes for a Run on Ski

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

The Inquisition

The sixteenth century must have been an uncomfortable age. In Europe hardly a man or woman was safe, particularly if he or she happened to be reputed wealthy. The detective was ubiquitous, and although without the Bertillon system, managed to perform his duties with great success. He did not wear a check suit and a cloth cap, but the robes of a priest, and he served the most powerfully militant organisation the world had ever seen —the Church of Rome. He belonged to the terrible and remorseless and Argus-eyed Inquisition. Not a few novels in late years have been concerned with the gigantic war waged against heresy and for the Church's aggrandisement, but too often their authors have gloated over the descriptions of the various tortures inflicted on the unfortunate heretics — amazingly ingenious tortures some of them seem to have been, hardly excelled by those practised in China. But it is surely possible to induce a feeling of intense horror by the merest suggestion, and I, for one, was glad to see that in the latest novel to treat of the Inquisition all unnecessarily photographic details had been omitted.

A Good Story

The book to which I refer is *The Shadow of Power* (Lane: 6*s*.), a first novel by Paul Bertram. It is a story of the Spanish supremacy over Holland in the last quarter of the sixteenth century. It is supposed to be told by Don Jaime de Jorquéra, a Spanish nobleman of great reputation as a soldier, a born leader of men, hard and quick-witted, the nephew of an Inquisitor, though by no means intolerant himself, beloved by his men and, of course, well-hated by his many enemies. The book opens well with Don Jaime's entrance into the Dutch town of Geertruydenburg as its Governor. He arrives in time to save a girl who is being burnt at the stake as a witch, and makes an enemy of the priest who is in charge of the proceedings. Don Jaime falls in love (to his own great surprise) with this girl's cousin, Isabel, the daughter of the rich burgomaster, but she is cold and contemptuous. Also, she is a heretic, which complicates matters. Don Jaime is determined to have her, and finally drives a bargain: she agrees to marry him if he will save a hundred of her co-religionists who have been "prescribed." The marriage takes place—a bitter, wretched union. Don Jaime may rule his town with the proverbial rod of iron, but his clemency has made new enemies. Another Inquisitor, Don Pedro, comes to Geertruydenburg, and Don Pedro falls in love with the Governor's wife. Don Jaime is deprived of his position, but manages to take his revenge—a terrible revenge—on Don Pedro, and escapes from the town. His followers are loyal to him, and, for the sake of his wife, whose father he has promised to save from the Church, he secedes to William of Orange. So for the sake of a woman who never loved him, he has forfeited all his power. In the second part of this interesting book he is the Governor of another Dutch town under William, but his wife is dead, and his hair is white. He runs the risk of being thought a traitor for the second time, but Don Jaime is a man of honour, and there is a fine compensation in store for him. For a first novel this is a remarkable book. It is very long, and there are one or two blemishes in technique, but it is an exciting story, meriting careful reading.

A Woman's Lie

Dorothea Gerard's new novel, *A Glorious Lie* (John Long: 6*s*.), belongs to that class of fiction in which the author attempts at once melodrama and psychological analysis. In this case the result is an interesting, though gloomy, story. The most poignant situation in the book is certainly a novel one, and raises questions of the "feminine way of doing things." A country girl has been secretly married to a handsome young aristocrat, who is taken prisoner in the war, fifty years ago, between the Austrians and Prussia. He is staying—on parole—with a Prussian General, whose daughter falls in love with him. He is a happy-go-lucky young man, who drifts heedlessly into dangerous waters. Before he is well aware of what is happening, there is a formal engagement. The wife in the country, however, advertises her existence by frequent letters; the General's daughter, believing that her *fiancé* has promised to marry the other woman, attempts to commit suicide. Then follows the bigamous marriage and domestic bliss for a time; then the husband, no longer a prisoner, returns to his own country and to his real wife. But the Prussian woman has a brother, who is determined to find out the truth. This brother seeks out the other woman, finds her, and, having heard rumours of the secret marriage, puts the question direct. If his sister has been dishonoured, he says, he will kill the man. And so, to save her husband, the real wife lies. "I am his mistress," she says, and afterwards burns the register of her marriage. This chapter reads like truth, but the rest of the book leads rather slimly to an anti-climax. There are unnecessary complications, and the inevitable suicide. A new problem in fiction so seldom seems to meet with a new solution.

RALPH STRAUS

A Horrid Shame!

PETS OF THE PARIS OPERA STRIKE FOR A LIVING WAGE

IT'S perfectly disgraceful! The poor, dear, brave, little souls who dance at the opera, and keep their mammas on £120 to £150 per annum have had to strike for higher wages. How can a nice girl be expected to pay the weekly instalments on her diamond tiaras, let alone pay the chauffeur's wages, on such a miserable pittance? It has been done in the past, of course, but now the plucky little darlings are putting their tiny feet down. The bold, bad management vows it will not give in, and the ballet dancers are having indignation supper parties every evening

Photograph *Bert, Paris*

THE PARIS OPERA BALLET GOING DOWN THE STAIRS TO THE STAGE

MATTERS MUSICAL

THE RESURRECTION OF OFFENBACH

No Musical Respectability

Academic musicians have always thoroughly disliked Offenbach, just as, in this country at least, they have always had a weakness for Sullivan. For, in spite of Dr. Walter's somewhat exaggerated invectives, people still persist in regarding Sullivan as one who stands head and shoulders above all other composers of light opera. He was, musically, so thoroughly respectable; he wrote oratorios; and if his hymns always had a flavour of comic opera, his comic operas sometimes had a flavour of hymn. Besides, he was a Mus.Doc. But Offenbach was quite different. He seems to have been more or less a failure at the conservatoire; he enjoyed no musical respectability whatever: he was cursed by Berlioz and blessed by Meyerbeer. Worst of all, to quote the biographical article devoted to him in the first edition of "Grove's Dictionary," "he never hesitated to repeat a good phrase or to break a rule if any purpose was to be served by it."

COMING INTO HIS LONDON KINGDOM

Offenbach, the famous Franco-Jewish composer (1819-1880), whose Opéras-Bouffes seem to be in for revival. His "Orpheus in the Underground" is still the attraction at His Majesty's Theatre, while his "Tales of Hoffmann" can always be relied upon to fill the cheaper seats at the Hammerstein Opera House

(By permission of Messrs. Breitkopf and Haertel)

A Boom in Offenbach

Now, the shocked but amiable biographer goes on to remark that "it is melancholy to predict that of all these musical *bouffonneries* nothing will remain," which makes one wonder whether his judgment was any more reliable than his prophecy. For emphatically something does remain. Thirty-two years after the death of the composer, and, incidentally, the publication of the article in question, we are witnessing a small boom in Offenbach. In France, where the Opéras-Bouffes have never lost their popularity, that most eclectic of theatres, the Opéra Comique, has chosen to remount the *Contes d'Hoffman*. In Germany, Max Reinhardt has thought it worth while to turn his attention to the more frivolous operas; in England the *Tales of Hoffmann* is one of the few operas that has proved a financial success, and the leading London theatre has chosen *Orphée aux Enfers* as its Christmas production.

Style and Personality

In short, Offenbach is very much more alive than many of his pretentious and superior contemporaries. Why? Firstly, I think, because, like Johann Strauss, he was so typical of his period. Offenbach and Dumas *fils* represent perfectly the different aspects of Second Empire theatricalism, and Offenbach, from his very limitations, is more sympathetic to us than an author who was exclusively occupied with important problems now, to a large extent, outmoded. He may not aim very high, but he is so successful within the bounds he has marked out for himself that we forget his lack of idealism in admiration of his accomplishment. Besides, he has that indefinite, priceless virtue, style; and on every note of the score is imprinted his personality. It is difficult for the average Londoner to realise the peculiar virtues of Offenbach, because, to my recollection, there has been only one satisfactory performance of his work in London, to wit, that given years ago by a German company at the Adelphi. And as nobody went to see it, and as, further, the *Tales of Hoffmann* is not typical of the composer, matters cannot be said to have been much improved thereby.

The Secret of Immortality

Further, *Orpheus*, at His Majesty's, has, of course, Offenbach's music, mostly played too fast, and nothing of Offenbach's spirit. Pluto and Jupiter are the only two characters who are at all appropriate. The whole humour of Offenbach's "classical" operettas consisted in clothing typical *boulevardiers* in Greek dress. To suggest an atmosphere of musical comedy or The Follies is hopelessly wrong. Old-fashioned pantomime would be much nearer the mark. But, still, we have the music, and even in *Orphée aux Enfers*, quite one of the inferior works, there is much to admire. How much more, then, in *La Belle Hélène* or *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein?* The fact is that Offenbach, in spite of his vulgarity, his occasional obviousness, his glitter, has both genius and "school." He is a legitimate descendant of the great line of comic-opera composers—in a word, it is the touch of Mozart, very slight, but unmistakable, that has given vitality, perhaps even immortality, to the music of Jacques Offenbach.

FRANCIS TOYE

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EDVARD GRIEG,
Bergen, Norway.

IMAGINE yourself playing on the Pianola Piano this great Norwegian Composer's Peer Gynt Suite as he himself would have played it. It is difficult to realise the long vista of delightful musical evenings that is in store for every owner of a Pianola Piano. Only by a visit to Æolian Hall, where we will gladly explain the Pianola Piano, can you realise the boundless pleasure that its purchase will open to you.

Full particulars are given in Catalogue "B," which will be sent on request.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

The Orchestrelle Co.,

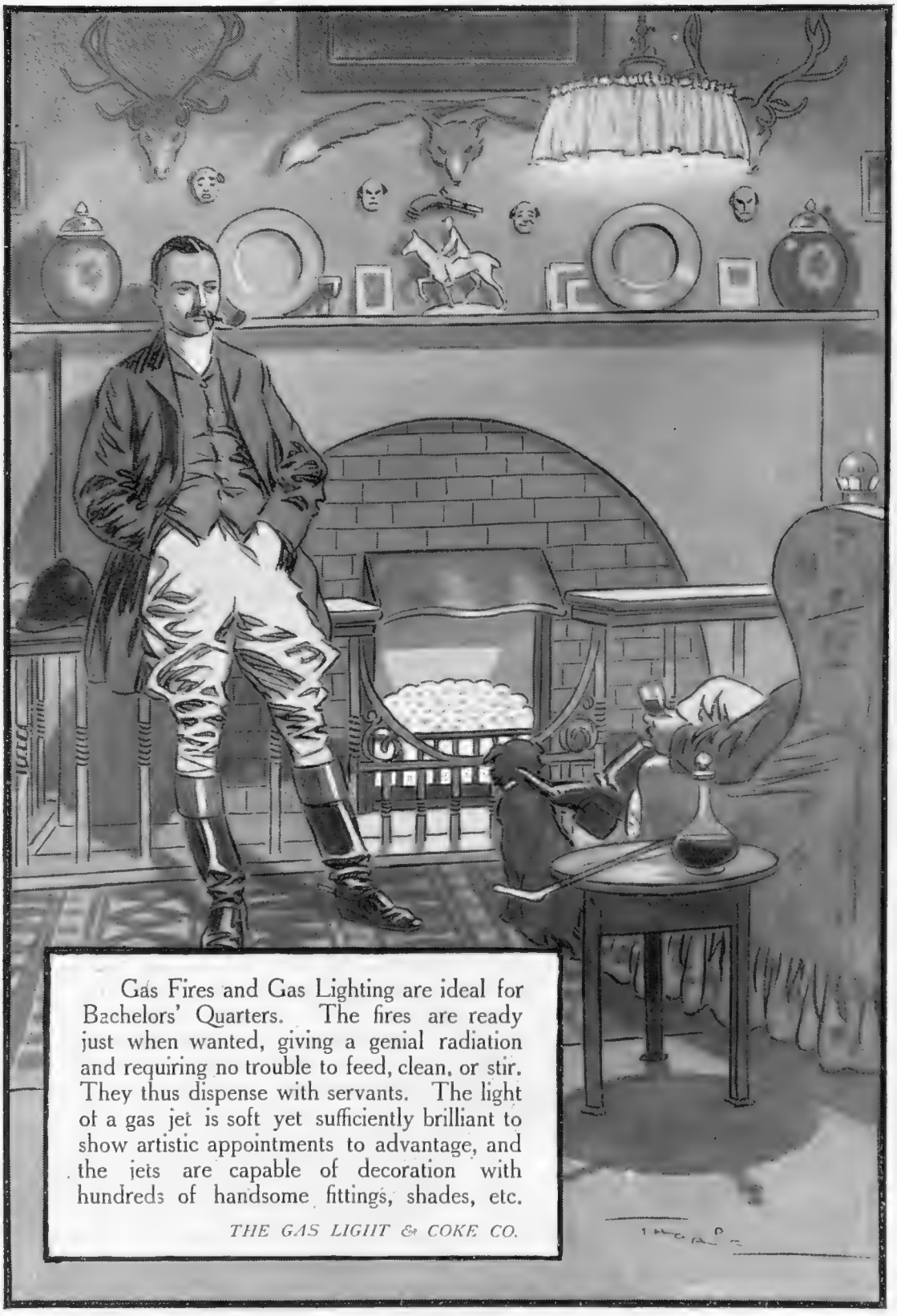
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR

ÆOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

And at Paris, Berlin, New York, Melbourne, Sydney, &c.

The Name "PIANOLA" is not, as many think, a name for any and all Piano-Playing devices. It is a Registered Trade Mark, applicable only to the instruments made by the Orchestrelle Company.


Gas Fires and Gas Lighting are ideal for Bachelors' Quarters. The fires are ready just when wanted, giving a genial radiation and requiring no trouble to feed, clean, or stir. They thus dispense with servants. The light of a gas jet is soft yet sufficiently brilliant to show artistic appointments to advantage, and the jets are capable of decoration with hundreds of handsome fittings, shades, etc.
THE GAS LIGHT & COKE CO.

The Theory of Team Building

FOOTBALL AND HOCKEY METHODS COMPARED

STOCK EXCHANGE *v.* PHILISTINES: SMART STOPPING BY "THE HOUSE"

In this match at Richmond last week the Stock Exchange led at half-time by 4 goals to 2, but were outstayed in the second half and beaten by 8 goals to 5

International Trials

THIS is the time of year when that hardy annual, the question whether the international trial business is not rather overdone in hockey bursts into bloom. There are many who aver that it is a mistake to label the inter-divisional matches officially as international trials because there are so many of them. In the multitude of counsels there is wisdom; but in the multitude of trials there may be confusion. Once upon a time the task of selecting the international team was comparatively simple. The South was the predominant partner, and before any trials at all had been held it was pretty safe to bet that the South would supply the majority of the English side. But things are different nowadays. "Class" players are plentiful in the North, South, East, West, and Midlands, and if any player does particularly well in a divisional match, it follows that, as these matches are official trials, he becomes, in the hackneyed phrase, "entitled to recognition." And thus the selectors are confronted with an *embarras de richesse* for nearly every position in the field. And although any method of selection inevitably entails some grumbling, the present method certainly seems to open the door for the grumblers wider than is necessary.

The "Team-Building" Theory

It has also been urged that the present method of selection is not a good one, because the selected eleven get no opportunity of playing together and seeing whether they "fit in" properly. At the present time English hockey is sufficiently in advance of that of the other three countries of Great Britain for this not to matter much. But the time may come when it will; and it is suggested that the trials, however few or many, should include one match between "probables" and "possibles." The recent victory of England over Wales at Rugby football has lent colour to this suggestion, and there is no doubt a good deal to be said for the Rugby Union's present method of picking a nucleus team to start with and gradually building it up in a series of trials culminating in "England" *v.* "The Rest"—which is only rather a more showy way of expressing "Probables" *v.* "Possibles." The efficiency of English Rugby teams has undoubtedly increased since this method has been adopted, and though it is impossible to say how far that may be due to the method itself and how far to the better supply of "talent" that has recently been forthcoming, still—nothing succeeds like success. I would not for one moment suggest the discontinuance of the divisional matches. They are good sport, and they furnish hockey of the best and brightest type, better, sometimes, by far than the internationals themselves. But they need not be officially regarded as trials, and in substitution for them two or three matches of the same kind as those instituted by the Rugby Union would suffice to raise a thoroughly representative and homogeneous side.

A Case in Point

The chief drawback of a "Probables" *v.* "Possibles" match is that the "Possibles," having nothing to lose and everything to gain (whereas the "Probables" are there to justify their existence), are liable to play that desperate and risky kind of game which so often comes off, and win. When this happens the selectors are torn by contending emotions. They are reluctant to disturb the composition of the "Probables" team, which they have picked with so much care; yet, on the other hand, "form" imperatively calls upon them to do so, with the result that the last state of that team may be worse than the first. But the risk, if the selectors know their job and have the courage of their convictions, is really small. Of course, if they see that it is necessary to make wholesale changes they make them, but not otherwise. In the last "Rugger" trial this season England were completely outplayed forward, on a muddy ground, by the Rest, but the selectors backed their opinion and only made two changes in the English forward line. The result was one of the finest packs England has ever had. H. S. S.

THE GUY'S HOSPITAL RUGBY FOOTBALL FIFTEEN

Guy's, on the strength of several good performances this season, are favourites for the Inter-Hospital "Rugger" Cup. Oxford University sent rather a weak team to play them at Honor Oak last Wednesday, and were badly beaten by 16 points to nil. Guy's forward play was particularly good

RACING: Handicap Impressions. BY CARBINE

The Lincoln

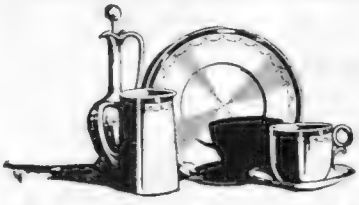
Well, do you think you have found it? Found what? Why, the winner of the "Lincoln," of course. Every racegoer has surveyed the weights with much wrinkling of the brows during the past few days, and I take it that each man has arrived at some sort of a conclusion. The acceptances do not appear until to-day, and it will be interesting to see whether our individual views coincide with those of the respective owners. On the day following the publication of the weights one authority declared his liking for the chance of Helot, and two or three hours later that horse was struck out of the race, the owner thinking him overweighted. And so it behoves us to be careful what we say previous to the appearance of the acceptances. Braxted is the general "tip," and he will probably eventually settle into favouritism. I have marked Royal Tender as dangerous, for the colt was a real good one up to a certain point last season, and showed smart form when running third in the Derby, but the stable he belongs to is not in the habit of exposing its plans until the last moment.

A Northern Candidate

One colt among the Lincolnshire lightweights may prove a good one to follow—Marco Bozzaris. Not much is known of him in the South, but in Yorkshire he is regarded as a really good racer, and I should not be surprised if the North goes very solidly for him at Lincoln. He is in at 6st. 12lb., and with a good boy on his back must have a big chance on his best running last season. However, I will not venture on a definite selection for the first big handicap of the flat season until the acceptances are out. In regard to the Grand National, I am more confident, being a "Jerry M. man" through and through. I was delighted to see that he had but 12st. 7lb.—less he could not have been given, and the handicapper might easily have put on another pound or two in view of the raising of the minimum weight. I must say that I do not at all care for the experiment of placing the lowest weight at 10st., because it stultifies the efforts of the handicapper, and is not likely to stop owners from running bad horses if they wish to see their colours carried in the premier steeplechase. Certainly the new system favours the topweights, and I look upon Jerry M. as about as good a thing as we can reasonably hope to find in a race into which the element of luck enters so largely as the Grand National.

Sandown Selections

When these notes were written it was freezing hard, and racing prospects were doubtful, but I hope the excellent meeting arranged for the week-end at Sandown Park will be brought off all right. There is not a very satisfactory acceptance for the Sandown Grand Prize on Friday, which **Chestnut** may win. The Mole Steeplechase on the same afternoon may fall to **Kolo.** On the second day the majority of the horses left in the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase are engaged for the Grand National, so the race will be watched with special interest. I expect **Lord Rivers** to prove successful. The Cardinal's Hurdle Race may be won by **Rapt.**



Genuine Sale
OF SURPLUS STOCK
Feb. 5 .... to .... Feb. 17

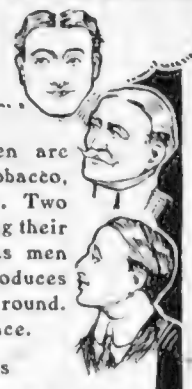
. . During this Sale we are offering the whole of our surplus stock — comprising Hundreds of Services, Ornamental Pieces in great variety, Rose Bowls, Flower Stands, Vases, etc., etc.

China & Glass
BOTH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL
At Reductions ranging to 10/- in the £.

. . This Annual Sale is absolutely genuine, the goods offered having formed part of our Regular Stock. Even the least expensive article will be found of that Reliable Quality for which our house has been well known for 150 years. This is a special opportunity for those wishing to replenish their stocks at Exceptional Prices. Goods stored free of charge if desired. If unable to call—write for Illustrated Booklet of Sale Bargains.

ALFRED B. PEARCE & Co.
ONLY ADDRESS 39. LUDGATE HILL LONDON E.C. ESTABLISHED 1760

Three Men & Tobacco



Three men are talking Tobacco, as men do. Two of them have been praising their own favourite blends, as men will. The third man produces his pouch and offers it round. All fill and smoke in silence.

¶ The Tobacco produced is

TETLEY'S
No. 2 Medium,

and the talk ceases, because Tetley's is —well, Tetley's.

Writing the other day to an advertising man, Tetley's said:—"We are practical Tobacco men, and rely mostly on the quality of our Tobacco for increasing its sale." That's exactly it. Tetley's No. 2 Medium cannot be described adequately in an advertisement because the spirit is all in the Tobacco. Bad Tobacco can be well advertised, but TETLEY'S cannot be advertised well enough—at least so its friends say.

If you prefer a Milder Blend ask for No. 1 MILD.
Try a packet from any Tobacconist and see what *you* think of it. Two ounces cost 1/1. If any difficulty in obtaining supply, send fourteen penny stamps to

TETLEY & SONS, 4, Boar Lane, LEEDS.

"The Cigarette with a History."

The

Bystander Virginian

DE LUXE

5/- per 100

As sampled and approved by thousands of "Bystander" readers at Home and Abroad.

Bystander Turkish

DE LUXE

7/- per 100

Specially prepared at the suggestion of many "Bystander" readers.

Sole Manufacturers:

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Telephone: 1563 Gerrard. Telegrams: "Rafflescig, London."

"SIMPITROL"

Country House Lighting

has been brought to the highest state of perfection by the introduction of the SIMPITROL LIGHTING SYSTEM. The Simpitrol System offers you a light more brilliant than electricity, coal gas, or acetylene, as easily operated, but at an infinitesimal cost. The plant can be easily installed and requires but little attention. No odour! No risk! No danger to plant or animal life! No hissing at the burners and no increase in fire premium! Write for full particulars, and learn Simpitrol uses for lighting, heating, and cooking.—Dept. K.,

The British and Colonial Lighting Co., Ltd.
Simpitrol Building, 216 Tottenham Court Rd.
London, W.

Frensham Pond Hotel, near Farnham, Surrey, where a "Simpitrol" lighting installation has recently been installed.

"THE LIGHT THAT IS NEAREST DAYLIGHT AND ALMOST AS CHEAP"

C.D.C.

Baby's tender skin requires very tender treatment; that's why Wright's Coal Tar Soap is THE Nursery Soap. It's so soothing! Tell Nurse.

4d. per Tablet.

Protects from Infection.

Austin

"The car that has set the fashion to the Motoring World."

Ladies find the Austin ideal for town duties.

The Austin car fulfils all the requirements of a town carriage. For whatever purpose it is needed—shopping, receptions, the theatre, etc—it can invariably be relied upon to give every satisfaction.

The bodywork is designed to afford the greatest comfort, and the smart appearance of the car always elicits admiration.

May we send you Catalogues of Austin carriages?

AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD.,
Builders of Motor Vehicles.
Longbridge Works, NORTHFIELD,
BIRMINGHAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE"
Smoking Mixture.
MILD and MEDIUM.

5d. per oz.
1/8 per ½-lb. tin.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

NOTE.—THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND) LTD

It is futile to blame the roads.

During winter it is only in the nature of things that at times the city streets should be dangerously slippery and that the country highways should tax tyre stamina to the utmost. The obviation of the trouble lies in superior tyre equipment.

FIT
DUNLOP TYRES

The great majority of expert motorists know that Dunlops are unequalled for securing the utmost safety and satisfaction. The new steel-studded leather-treaded Dunlop non-skid is the most telling weapon ever introduced into the armoury of the winter motorist.

Send for an interesting descriptive pamphlet.

The Dunlop Tyre Co. Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham;
and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.
The ideal golf ball for winter play is the New Dunlop, standard size.

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

"Bystander" Electromobilisation

The occasion clearly called for something special. As chief of the transport department it looked to be up to me. I cast about for opulent efficiency, coupled with convenience and a possible price. There were several reasons why the "old 'bus" would not serve: (*a*) It has a touring body; (*b*) it was bound to rain (and it did); (*c*) I could only carry four, and there were six; and (*d*) the "old 'bus" was not available.

Cogitating deeply, I was presently moved of the spirit. I would electromobilise THE BYSTANDER staff. The staff, as you have read, were to foregather in a place within the meaning of the act, and to look upon the wine (wine extra) while it was red. (Mem.: get poetical license endorsed. Champagne is *not* red.) For one crowded hour of glorious night I was to emerge from the back pages, and to rub shoulders with my betters. Clearly nothing less than something special would serve.

For the Town

Electromobilisation reads as if it might stand for something excellently special. It does. I never read advertisements, and was, indeed, introduced to my own advertisement manager that red-letter night, but somewhere I had seen that an electromobile could be had to call for you, to take you to dinner, to pick you up and convey you to the theatre, to meet you again, drop you at (wherever it is) for supper, and finally deposit you at your own door for 15*s*.

I knew the Electromobile Company's carriages for delightfully appointed town vehicles, splendidly sprung, softly fluent of motion. They are the only electric vehicles I know of which do not look as if the horse had run away. They hold four. There were six. Much hesitation and the counting of the cost. Finally—"1045 Gerrard. Hallo! Electromobile. Yes? Two of your lordly and luxurious lorries. BYSTANDER Office 7 p.m. Savvy? Right." And then, the irony of it, being delayed in the club and called to dress swiftly, I missed my men and had to travel in a common or garden taxi!

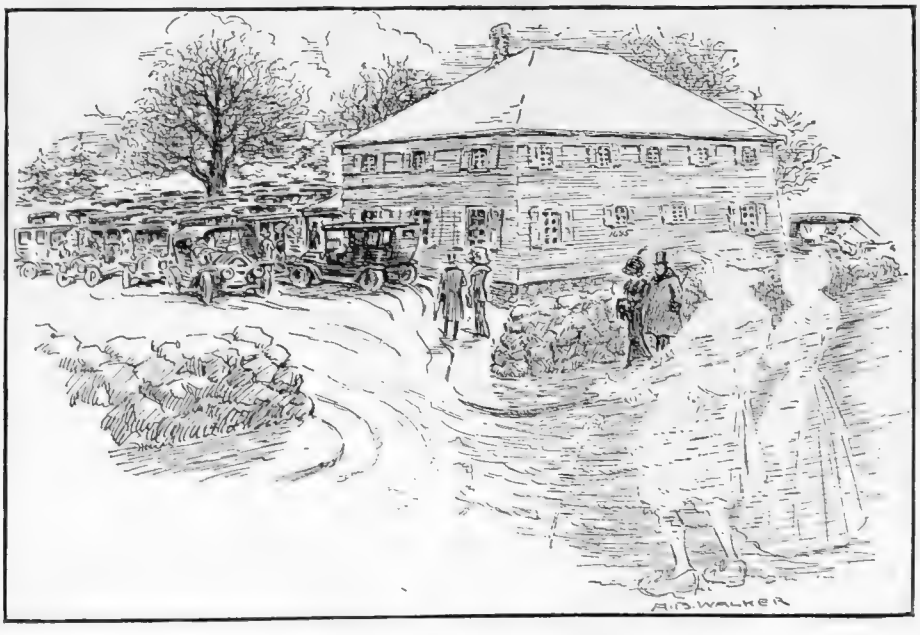
A Plebiscite

Fortunately, as I say, I know my electromobile a little. It cannot carry power for any considerable distance, and is, therefore, almost confined to town work. Until Edison is delivered of that long-threatened electrical power and storage plant, or until some really clever electrical engineer happens along, we shall have to content ourselves with the comparatively short-trip vehicle. Within its limits, and particularly for the purposes to which the Electromobile Company has specially adapted it, it is a delightful vehicle.

I thought it, therefore, an excellent opportunity for obtaining confirmation or refutation of my view from the electromobilised and non-technical staff. The questions were—Did you find it comfortable and even luxurious? Was it well-lit and well-sprung, and did it run sweetly and easily? Did the service prove satisfactory? And (here I resumed my American accent with difficulty) did the Electromobile Company deliver the goods in strict accordance with its adver*tise*ment? And the answers came in a convincing chorus of affirmatives. Which is very satisfactory, and establishes my reputation as an expert of no mean authority. Quite seriously, I congratulate the Electromobile Company, of Hertford Street, Mayfair, upon its service and its vehicles alike, and cordially commend them both.

The Unmechanical Driver

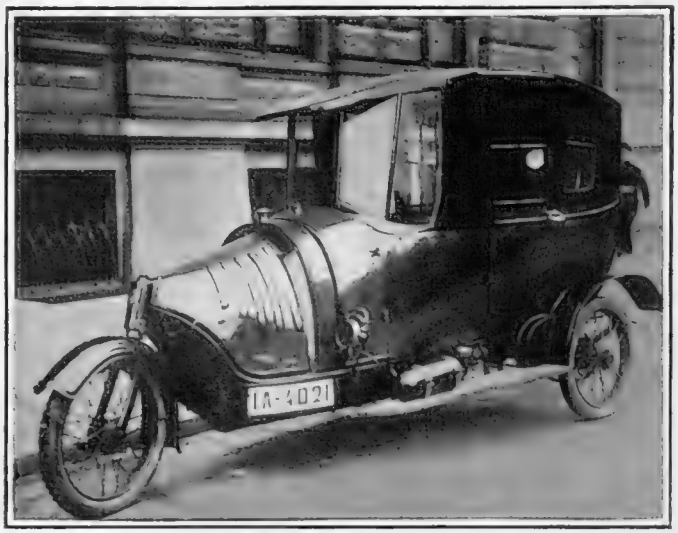
A technical contemporary writes of the "baneful influence of the unmechanical driver." This unmechanical driver is one constitutionally unable to



A SHOCK FOR THE SHADES

Dismay of the shades of the simple Quakers revisiting their old meeting house to find it surrounded by cars, and apparently an object of interest of the wealthy

make adjustments and repairs to his car. He is the man who prefers to have a vehicle that requires the minimum of attention. He is, broadly, the average owner. His "baneful influence" seems to consist in the fact that he has forced the engineer to produce what the American rather unfelicitously calls a fool-proof car, meaning by that a machine that gives the smallest chance to its owner to meddle with a vital part, and, again, the least occasion for him so to meddle. To call this influence baneful is the pedantry of a mechanical mind. The evolution of the car and its progress in the scheme of transport are based upon, and are inconceivable apart from, the simplification of control and the elimination of confusing factors and weaknesses. It is not an advantage that certain parts of a machine should require continual adjustment. It is not desirable that the need for delicate manipulations should arise. If it is a good thing that the car should come to common usage, it is essential that the possibilities of error should be continually reduced. The average actual or potential car-owner is not mechanical. He does not want to tinker with his machine. But it is none the less true that if the incentive to tinker is present, he will do it. It is his nature; but it is not good for the car. The engineer who produces a vehicle that gives the least incentive to tinker, a vehicle that leaves nothing but the most simple and obvious things to the owner, and that will run without trouble on a minimum of attention, is the engineer who has produced the best car, and the car most in line with development.



A NEW ELECTRIC CAB

A curious three-wheel type of electrically propelled cab in the streets of Berlin

To the extent to which the unmechanical driver, who is the average driver, has influenced this development, his influence has not been baneful. It has been beneficent.

In Compression

Much controversy has run through the columns of the motoring Press, and occupied those circles wherein active automobilists do most foregather, concerning the advantages of wire wheels over wood wheels—or *vice versâ*, according to the point of view. That the set of the tide has been definitely in the direction of the wire wheel is evidenced by the enormous number of that form of wheel, and particularly the Rudge-Whitworth, to be seen on the road to-day. That, as a spare and as a means to motoring economy, the wire wheel has proved itself is generally admitted, and practically the only discussion is upon the question of strength. Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth hit upon a novel but particularly effective method of putting that question beyond dispute on the occasion of the recent visit to this country by the party of American automobile engineers. The famous firm did something more. It recorded the test cinematographically, and the film is now available for the use of motor clubs and other interested gatherings having facilities for using it. Application should be made to Rudge-Whitworth, of Coventry.

From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. An A.A. car badge has been found by another member on the Cariboo Trail, British Columbia. It is suggested that this "is fairly typical of the way in which the Association is extending." It is. Nevertheless, the subscription remains the same, the A.A. continues to be the motoring (road) organisation of the United Kingdom, and our relations with foreign Powers continue to remain friendly.

THE AUSTIN IN WINTER

The Austin ploughing through the heaviest snowfall known to Birmingham for thirty years. The car is a six-cylinder Austin phaeton cabriolet

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 426.—Vol. XXXIII. Wednesday, January 31, 1912 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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High, open, and healthy situation.

SUPERIOR APPOINTMENTS. CONSIDERABLE OAK WORK.

CHISLEHURST.—TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD, the above substantially and expensively built RESIDENCE, in quite exceptional order throughout, and fitted with every convenience, including electric light. It stands well away and secluded from the road, in over 5 acres of well-timbered grounds, with delightful views. Fine lounge hall (24ft. by 18ft.), 3 excellent reception rooms, handsome full-sized billiard room, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, etc. Superior stabling for 6, garage, and rooms over. 2 tennis lawns, asphalt tennis court, fruit and kitchen garden, woodland and paddock. Rent, £250 per annum. Price, £8,000.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CENTRE OF THE GRAFTON & BICESTER HUNTS.

Company's water, gas, and electric light.

GROUNDS OF ABOUT 6 ACRES.

£200 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—ON G.C. RLY.—½ mile from a station.—Unfurnished or Furnished, a charming and compact HUNTING BOX, with oak-panelled hall, dining room (36ft. by 20ft., also oak-panelled), 2 drawing rooms, study, 12 bedrooms, 2 fitted bathrooms, usual offices, with servants' hall.

STABLING FOR 8, AND LARGE GARAGE.

The gardens extend to about 6 acres, with tennis lawn and paddock.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CENTRE OF BERKELEY HUNT,

and within easy distance of the Beaufort Meets.

Exquisite views over Cam Peak, etc., to the Upey Valley.

Close to the noted Stinchcombe Golf Course. 300ft. above sea level.

GLOS.—*A picturesque Freehold Stone-tiled Gabled Cotswold Manor House, absolutely unspoiled by the march of time,* to be LET or SOLD. Hall (with handsomely carved panelled walls), drawing room (also with carved panelled walls), dining and morning rooms, conservatory, verandah and enclosed balcony, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, day and night nurseries, servants' bedroom, and 2 attics. Ample offices and cellarage.

SHADY AND WELL-PLANNED PLEASAUNCE.

Lawn, flower garden, with arbour and summer-house, prolific kitchen garden, and small paddock, in all about 1a. 0r. 18p. Additional land up to 8¼ acres could be purchased if desired.

GOING AT A REASONABLE FIGURE.

—For details apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

AN IDEAL COUNTRY HOME

In the beautiful Andover and Whitchurch country.

HANTS.—£3,200 with 17 ACRES; £2,750 with 5 OR 6 ACRES; £130 per annum, Unfurnished, with 7 acres; or would be Let, Furnished.—Unusually choice PROPERTY, on gravel soil with chalk subsoil. The charming Residence stands high in well-timbered grounds studded with cedar, walnut, beech, chestnut, acacia, and other trees.

DUE SOUTH ASPECT. CHARMING VIEWS.

Beautiful avenue drive with entrance lodge.

Hall, loggia, 3 reception rooms. 8 bed and dressing rooms. Conservatory, offices, dairy, etc. Bathroom, schoolroom.

Stabling and first-class motor-house. Very attractive pleasure grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden and rosary, 2 paddocks.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, and Victoria (B.C.)

BY DIRECTION OF THE RT. HON. LORD FITZWILLIAM.
"CANTLEY HALL," DONCASTER.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE, WITH SHOOTING OVER 5,000 ACRES.

THIS substantial, stone-built COUNTRY MANSION stands high on gravel soil, in a park of 110 acres. It has a West aspect, and is approached by 2 carriage drives with entrance lodges, and contains: hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard and ballroom, 32 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample domestic offices;

ELECTRIC LIGHT; STABLING FOR 11 HORSES.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS are well timbered, and include croquet lawn, 2 tennis courts, flower beds and border, and kitchen garden.

THE SHOOTING

comprises 4,600 acres of open land and 400 acres of woodland. The Game Bag for the last 3 seasons was as follows:—

1911	Pheasants.	Partridges.	Hares.	Duck.	Snipe.
(Up to Jan. 2nd)	1,200	1,802	400	64	30
1910	2,045	543	133	151	80
1909	1,355	475	131	—	172

HUNTING WITH LORD FITZWILLIAM'S HOUNDS.

—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,305)

SURREY. 35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

ON THE BORDER OF A HEATH, with delightful views over a wide range of country.—To be SOLD, the above attractive RESIDENCE, well fitted throughout with all modern conveniences: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; excellent stabling and garage.

FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS, IN ALL ABOUT 5 ACRES.

—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (4,625)

NEAR OXFORD.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GROUNDS, ETC., OF 11½ ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, the above charming old RESIDENCE, approached from an entrance lodge by a pretty drive flanked by well-grown trees and shrubs. It contains: entrance hall, morning room or library, dining room, drawing room, smoking room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, etc.

STABLING FOR 3 HORSES, WITH COACH-HOUSE, ETC.

The pleasure grounds are richly timbered, and include large tennis and croquet lawns, rookery and meadow-land, etc.,

IN ALL ABOUT 11½ ACRES.

—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,310)

SOUTH HAMPSHIRE.
WITH VIEWS TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a fine situation, 150ft. above sea level, with views extending over the Solent to the Isle of Wight. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; petrol gas lighting; water from the Bishops Waltham Water Company; stabling for 4 horses, large coach-house, etc.; the grounds are nicely timbered, and include full-sized croquet lawn, flower beds, kitchen garden, woodland, and pasture, in all about 16 acres.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,316)

SURREY (amidst the pine woods of Byfleet and Chertsey).—To be SOLD, a substantially built RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, etc.; garage, stabling, gardener's cottage; over 3 acres of very pretty grounds; 2 golf links within a few minutes' walk. Price, £3,600.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,327)

"WADLEY MANOR," FARINGDOM (1½ miles Faringdon Station, 16 miles from Oxford).—This HISTORICAL JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE

occupies a high open position, facing South, with views for many miles. The carriage drive of about a fifth of a mile is along a stately avenue, with lodge at entrance. The accommodation is conveniently arranged, and comprises: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms; 21 bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms; every room is heated by radiators; an entirely new system of drainage has been laid; wired for electric light; stabling for 12; 2 cottages; the gardens and grounds extend to about 20 acres; there are extensive lawns, flower garden, shady walks, kitchen garden, etc.; hunting with the Heythrop, Vale of White Horse, and the Old Berkshire Foxhounds; 50 acres of shooting; the Residence has been decorated throughout, and is in perfect order.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

BUCKS (close to Burnham Golf Links; close to Taplow Court and Dropmore Park).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished, this attractive modern RESIDENCE, occupying a carefully selected position. ABOUT 200FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON GRAVEL SOIL. Accommodation: large lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, and morning room, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and well-fitted offices; a feature of the interior is the old panelling and staircase from France. STABLING, COACH-HOUSE, AND GROOM'S ROOMS. The grounds are prettily laid out, and include tennis lawn, flower gardens, kitchen garden, etc., and parklike meadows, in all about 21 ACRES.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (3,573)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

CHILTERN HILLS (near AMERSHAM; 1¾ miles from station, 45 minutes from Town).—For SALE, the above picturesque well-built FAMILY RESIDENCE, 550ft. above sea, on gravel soil, with magnificent panoramic views of 40 miles range; 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, music room, billiard room, and offices. ELECTRIC LIGHT; MODERN DRAINAGE; COMPANY'S WATER; inexpensive but pretty grounds, 2 tennis lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, farmery, and parklike land; IN ALL 45 ACRES.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,516)

HORSHAM AND BRIGHTON (between).—The reduced price of £4,250 only for the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE, in excellent order, approached by carriage drive with lodge, and containing: 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, servants' hall and offices; stabling for 7, garage, men's rooms, and outbuildings; acetylene gas, modern drainage; beautiful grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, greenhouse, and parklike meadows. 12 acres; 2 miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,782)

HERTS (on the MIDDLESEX BORDERS, 300ft. above sea).—A REDUCED PRICE will be accepted for the above exceptionally choice FAMILY RESIDENCE with beautiful grounds. Near station, 30 minutes from Town. Carriage drive with entrance lodge, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, magnificent billiard room, hall, and offices; stabling for 3; farmery, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, glasshouses, summer-house, and paddocks; in all 14 ACRES; gas; main drainage; Company's water. OR WOULD BE LET, UNFURNISHED, with 5 acres.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,591)

STRATFORD-ON-AVON AND WARWICK (between).—To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished, the above charming, old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, containing: 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, conservatory; stabling for 6, motor-house, laundry, and outbuildings; beautifully timbered grounds, walled kitchen garden; 3 miles from station, 4 from kennels.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,921)

BEDFORD (8 miles from; in lovely district).—TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED, the above fine old ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE in parklike grounds of 50 ACRES, approached by lime avenue; stabling for 11; cottages; beautifully timbered grounds sloping to river, with boathouse; kitchen garden, vineries, etc.; 19 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, suite of large and lofty reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, conservatory, and offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,294)

40 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

THE ABOVE CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, with grounds and parklike lands of 13 ACRES. To be SOLD, at a reduced price, or LET, Furnished; in a delightful rural situation, 300ft. above sea; good views: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, drawing and dining rooms, billiard room, magnificent lounge hall, ample offices; stabling for 5, man's rooms, farmery, and 3 cottages; well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, meadow-land; Company's water; gas; 1½ miles from 2 stations.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,079)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS.—4,000 guineas will PURCHASE the above exceptionally attractive OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE, replete with modern comforts, 400ft. above sea, well away from main road and motor dust. Magnificent ground of 4½ acres; stabling and motor-house; 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, magnificent billiard room, large hall, good reception rooms; winter garden; gas and water laid on, main drainage; easy reach of 3 golf links, 7 minutes from station.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,315)

HERTS (in a picturesque village, 20 miles from London).—£2,000 will PURCHASE the above old-fashioned, creeper-clad, gabled RESIDENCE, with mullioned stone windows, containing: 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, and lounge hall with old carved mantel: well-timbered gardens, tennis lawn, rosary, kitchen garden, greenhouse, and stabling; Company's gas and water, main drainage; golf 15 minutes, 3 minutes from station. Hunting and fishing.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,016)

SUNNY SOUTH COAST.—LOVELY RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of nearly 250 ACRES, INTERESTING ELIZABETHAN MANSION of medium size, occupying a unique position in the midst of beautiful pleasure grounds and park; stabling, entrance lodge, home farm; salmon and trout fishing, hunting with Harriers and Otter hounds; good yacht anchorage; magnificent land and sea views. SACRIFICIAL PRICE.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,436)

OVERLOOKING A BEAUTIFUL SURREY COMMON (2 miles from Woking).—The above old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and 14½ ACRES for SALE, at a moderate price. High situation, 300 yards from road, with lodge entrance. Billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms; good stabling, coachman's house; attractive grounds, shrubberies, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, and 3 paddocks; sandy soil; near village.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,209)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS

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A REALLY CHEAP PROPERTY.
INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

SURREY HILLS (only 40 minutes from City and West End).—To be SOLD, one of the most up-to-date and delightful PROPERTIES now in the market, in a lovely situation. COMMANDING EXQUISITE VIEWS, well away from road, approached by carriage drive: lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, billiard room, 12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS; excellent stabling, motor garage; PRETTY GROUNDS OF 5½ ACRES; gas and Company's water.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RENT, ONLY £100 PER ANNUM.

LEAMINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE. — To be LET, Unfurnished, a most conveniently situated RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 4 horses, groom's rooms; nice garden, with tennis lawn, conservatory; electric light and gas.—Full details of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BERKS (Abingdon).—A charming old HOUSE, with gables and oak beams, standing well above the river: entrance hall, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 3 horses.

PRETTY GARDEN OF 1 ACRE.

Rent, £70 per annum; 21 years' Lease; premium, £300.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.); as above.

HUNTING, SHOOTING, FISHING.

FINE OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE IN HERTS, containing: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, good offices; stabling for 5; garage for 3 motors; 2 cottages; lovely gardens, magnificently timbered, with tennis lawn, orchard, etc.; 2 paddocks, comprising an area of about 8¼ ACRES. To be LET upon Lease, or might be SOLD.—Full particulars from the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A REALLY CHEAP PROPERTY.
2,800 ACRES OF SHOOTING (can be rented).

NEW FOREST (in one of the highest and prettiest parts).—To be SOLD, an attractive COUNTRY HOUSE in a high and healthy position.

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS.

3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, cottage; GROUNDS AND LAND OF 30 ACRES. PRICE, ONLY £3,500.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

EXCLUSIVE FISHING. LOVELY GROUNDS.

HEREFORD (6 miles from the county town).—To be LET, Furnished, the above delightful RESIDENCE; 10 bed and dressing, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling; charming grounds; fishing in river at bottom of grounds; farm produce included.—Further particulars of Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6 547)

LOW RENT. OWNER GOING ABROAD.

SURREY (30 min. express service Town).—To be LET, Furnished, for 6 months, a well-built, modern HOUSE: 9 bed and dressing, bath, 3 reception rooms; garage; electric light; 1½-acre garden, tennis lawn. Several golf links close. Genuine bargain.—Photos and further particulars of Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,377)

OWNER ABROAD. LOW RENT.

BUCKS (beautiful part of).—Twelfth-Century MANOR HOUSE to be LET for 2-3 months; 12 bed, 3 bath, 6 reception rooms, billiard; exceptionally fine grounds.—Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (2,300)

FAVOURITE EAST GRINSTEAD DISTRICT. To be LET, Furnished, a really delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 8 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling; beautiful gardens; the Property occupies a beautifully secluded position being DOWER HOUSE to an estate of 4,000 acres.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,045)

ADJOINING SUNNINGDALE GOLF COURSE AND CHOBHAM COMMON.
2½ MILES FROM SUNNINGDALE STATION.

TO BE SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, in the Tudor style, enjoying extensive views, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom.

FINE BALLROOM. STABLING FOR 6 HORSES.
BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS.
ENTRANCE LODGE. 6 COTTAGES.

Walled fruit and kitchen garden, 3 paddocks, and densely wooded grounds with winding paths, extending in all to about 53 ACRES.—Box K 5,124, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SOUTH HANTS.

With excellent yachting facilities, and within easy reach of the New Forest.

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 240 ACRES, beautifully timbered, situated 250ft. above sea level. The planned Mansion, in the Elizabethan style of architecture, contains: billiard room, 4 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, and ample domestic offices; gymnasium or riding school (60ft. by 30ft.), with gallery; stabling for 8 horses, 2 lodges, home farm, 6 cottages; the grounds are ornamented with fine specimen trees, and include plantation walks, fishpond, fernery and rock garden, ornamental water, etc.; extensive kitchen gardens; South Hants water supply; excellent sanitation.—Box K 5,152, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

NEAR THE SUSSEX BORDERS OF KENT.—To be SOLD, FREEHOLD. The RESIDENCE occupies a charming position, 330ft above sea level, with pretty views. It stands in

WELL-SHADED OLD GROUNDS,

with undulating lawns, flower beds, 2 ornamental ponds, tennis and croquet lawns, etc., and contains the following accommodation: inner hall (17ft 8in. by 14ft. 10in.), dining room (20ft. 4in. by 20ft.), drawing room (20ft. 2in. by 17ft. 4in.), morning room (15ft. by 14ft. 9in.), billiard room (36ft. 9in. by 19ft. 6in.), 6 large principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, workroom or bedroom, day and night nurseries, 2 servants' bedrooms, and box-room. The stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house and garage, etc.; 3 cottages.—Box K 5,288, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., W.

SURREY. ABOUT ½ HOUR FROM LONDON.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD.

A BEAUTIFULLY BUILT RESIDENCE, containing a large quantity of oak, and standing in finely timbered grounds and park sloping to the river. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 21 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.

FIRST-RATE STABLING, COACH-HOUSES, AND GARAGE.

—Box K 2,052. THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

TO BE SOLD AT A VERY LOW PRICE.—One of the best-known Hunting-boxes in the Pytchley Hunt, including the famous Hemploe fox coverts. The RESIDENCE is finely situated 600ft. above sea level, with extensive views, and stands in grounds, woodland, and meadows, in all about 88 acres. An adjoining farm of 266 acres can be included if desired. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and good offices; STABLING FOR 10 HORSES; delightful old-world gardens, kitchen garden, pasture-land, the well-known HEMPLOE FOX COVERTS, in all about 88 acres.—Box K 2,513, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

OCCUPYING A MAGNIFICENT POSITION,
800FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

TO BE SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed in about 10 acres of grounds. It stands well away from the road, and the accommodation, arranged on two floors, comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, boxroom, etc.; Company's gas and water laid on; main drainage; stabling for 3, coach-house and men's rooms; delightful gardens and pleasure grounds.—Apply, Box K 5,205, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FOR SALE, owing to owner's return to Australia, a pleasant, modern, well-appointed HOUSE, with river frontage; under 1 hour from Waterloo and within a few minutes' walk from a station: 3 reception rooms, conservatory, winter garden or billiard room, bathroom, 6 bedrooms, 2 staircases; tennis and croquet lawns, and grounds with greenhouse, vinery, fruit-house, etc., in all about 3½ acres, including a detached garden site of 1 acre. The contents could be purchased by valuation.—Apply, Box K 5,037, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TORQUAY (BEST POSITION).

TO BE SOLD, part Freehold, part long Lease whole comprising about 3 acres. HOUSE, approached by picturesque drive, containing: 9 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, bathroom (h. and c.), and all usual offices; beautifully laid-out but inexpensive grounds, part pine copse. Altitude 300ft. above sea; South aspect, commanding fine views over Torbay. Greenhouses, stabling, motor-house, etc. Price, £3,000.—Apply, FRANK WALDRON, Auctioneer and Surveyor, Market Place, Evesham.

SURREY (under 1 hour of town).—To be SOLD, a FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered and pleasant grounds of about 8 acres. Over 700ft. above sea level, and affording fine views of typical Surrey scenery. Contains: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 4, with large coach-house and men's rooms.—Apply, Box K 5,154, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

½ AN HOUR FROM TOWN.
NEAR FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.

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RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

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A beautiful
FREEHOLD ESTATE OF 150 ACRES,
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TO BE SOLD.
Showing over 4 per cent. return on price.
Long carriage drive. Richly timbered park and grounds. House faces due south, and is protected from the north. Spacious hall, 3 fine reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent offices.
STABLING FOR 6; WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN; LAKE WITH ISLAND; MODEL FARM, FARMHOUSE, TWO COTTAGES.
House and 16 acres in hand.
Residue Let at £274 per annum.
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BEAUTIFUL BURNHAM BEECHES
(The most rural part within 20 miles of London).
Choice of
SEVERAL FIRST-CLASS GOLF COURSES.
Gravel soil, electric light, stabling, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 cottages, 5 reception rooms, billiard rooms, garage.
LOVELY OLD GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES.
A DRIVE OF WINDSOR, ASCOT, BOULTER'S LOCK, ETC.
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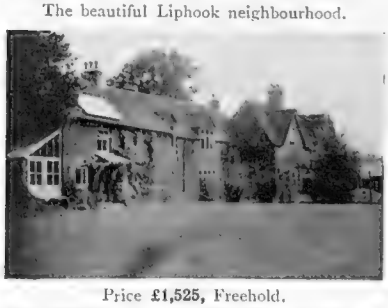

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CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE in old-world gardens of 4½ ACRES: 3 reception rooms, studio or billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 2; *sand soil.*—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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THE FINEST POSITION AND MOST BEAUTIFUL GARDENS IN SURREY.

MISS GERTRUDE JEKYLL
has written for Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, the Agents for this unique Property, an appreciation of the gardens, whilst *COUNTRY LIFE* has made the Property the subject of a special illustrated article amongst its pages.
The RESIDENCE contains:
8 bedrooms, bathroom, special decorative features, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms.
ASPECT DUE SOUTH. 600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
GRAND PANORAMA OF VIEWS EXTENDING TO THE SEA.
Splendid stabling and cottages included; main water, radiators, and modern sanitation; a little over 4 acres of gardens, etc.
TO BE SOLD.
—Particulars, with coloured views, can be obtained from the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

"OTLEY HALL," NEAR IPSWICH.

SUFFOLK (in a perfectly rural position).—For SALE,
A GENUINE OLD FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MOATED RESIDENCE
of great historic interest, recently restored, and now in first-rate order. Herringbone brickwork, diamond pane glazing, oak timbering.
BEAUTIFUL OLD LINENFOLD AND OTHER PANELLING.
MASSIVE OLD CARVED OAK BEAMS.
Lounge hall, 3 or 4 reception rooms, ample domestic offices, 10 or 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; hot-water heating; modern drainage; good water supply; good stabling; garage.
Well-timbered gardens and grounds; excellent farmlands, with house, buildings, and 5 cottages. Total area about 297 ACRES.
SOLE AGENTS—WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W. Inspected and strongly recommended.

A FAVOURITE PART OF HERTS.
350FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
THE FIRST REASONABLE OFFER WILL BE ACCEPTED
for the FREEHOLD of a remarkably attractive PROPERTY, comprising a fine old-world HOUSE
SET IN EXQUISITE GARDENS
of nearly 5 ACRES; 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, good offices, etc.; splendid stabling and garage, 2 cottages; away from any high roads.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

PRICE CONSIDERABLY REDUCED.
ONE OF THE
FINEST ESTATES IN THE MARKET.
317 ACRES.

SUSSEX (in a beautiful part, under an hour from London).—
A SUMPTUOUSLY APPOINTED PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE,
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GARAGE, STABLING, HOME FARM COTTAGES.
BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND PARK.
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CHOICE SPORTING PROPERTY TO LET.
5,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING.
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SUPERB VIEW TO THE SOUTH.
BEAUTIFUL OLD EARLY XVIITH CENTURY MANOR HOUSE, PERFECTLY LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT, TIME-WORN AND TRADITION-LADEN. SURROUNDED BY SWEET OLD GARDENS ALIVE WITH INTEREST, FORMAL AND NATURAL, BOTANIC AND ARCHITECTURAL.

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7 bedrooms, bathroom, | beautiful hall, 2 large reception rooms.
VALUABLE OAK PANELLING, OLD BEAMS, OAK STAIRCASE, GREAT FIREPLACES,
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BETWEEN 2 AND 3 ACRES.
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HERTS (main G.N.R., 40 minutes from Town, 'midst lovely country).—The above depicted beautiful OLD-FASHIONED, IMPOSING RESIDENCE, contains: 2 spacious halls, 4 large reception, 2 bath, 15 bedrooms;

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GARDENS;

stabling, men's rooms, cottage; parklike grassland, in all about 12 ACRES; long drive, high up, grand view, gravel soil; gas, main water, main drainage. Bargain, £4,500.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

In the charming and much sought-after district between Haslemere and Godalming.

AN IMPOSING RESIDENCE, containing: lounge hall, 3 handsome reception, billiard, bath, 15 bedrooms; ELECTRIC LIGHT; long carriage drive; tastefully laid-out and heavily timbered pleasure grounds; 4 cottages; stabling, motor garage; parklike pasture and woodlands, in all about 45 ACRES. Tempting price.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

WILTS (near Swindon).—A charming STONE-BUILT COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 4 good reception, bath, 12 bed and dressing rooms; ELECTRIC LIGHT, HOT-WATER RADIATORS; very pretty pleasure grounds, nicely timbered; large stabling, motor garage; 2 cottages, farmery, parklike paddocks, in all about 26 ACRES; hunting with V.W.H. and other well-known packs. Bargain, £5,500.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

WORCESTERSHIRE (close to a station), in an excellent sporting district, near golf, excellent hunting, fishing, boating, shooting in abundance.

£12,500 (cost over £24,000) will PURCHASE a valuable FREEHOLD ESTATE of about

200 ACRES.

The Residence contains: 4 reception, 2 bath, 14 bedrooms, and stands in the centre of a beautifully timbered park; ELECTRIC LIGHT, telephone; beautiful grounds, lodge entrance; stabling, garage; 4 cottages, home farm, etc.—Photos of the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

KENT (1¼ hours from Town).—CHARMING OLD RESIDENCE, in good repair; modern improvements; commands lovely views.

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD GROUNDS, and pasture-land 18 ACRES; good stabling.

GOLF NEAR.

Hunting and shooting. Sacrificial price, £2,000. —F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

IN THE PRETTIEST PART OF KENT.

NEAR CRANBROOK.—The beautiful OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE above depicted contains: lounge hall, 3 reception, 12 bedrooms;

CHARMING OLD-WORLD GROUNDS; stabling, farmery, parklike pasture-land, in all 12½ ACRES.

Bargain, £2,500.

—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN.

FOR SALE AT ABOUT HALF COST.

HANTS (close to a station 10 miles from Winchester).—One of the BEST-BUILT and MOST ATTRACTIVE PROPERTIES in the district: lounge hall, 4 reception, bath, 10 bedrooms.

HIGH UP, LIGHT SOIL, GLORIOUS VIEWS.

EXQUISITE PLEASURE GROUNDS OF ABOUT 4 ACRES.

Stabling, garage; main water, gas;

HUNTING, FISHING, BOATING, GOLF.

Freehold, £2,600.

—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

In the delightful Frensham District, near Farnham, 1 hour from Town.

A PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED MODERNISED RESIDENCE: 3 reception, bath, 9 bedrooms; main water, sandy soil; beautiful pleasure grounds, and paddock of 5 acres; stabling, garage; golf, boating, and fishing. Freehold, £2,500.

SUSSEX (near Horsham).—GEORGIAN MANSION: stabling, garage; 6 cottages; beautiful pleasure grounds and heavily timbered park of 150 ACRES. Price £6,000.

HANTS (near Andover).—Quaint old JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE; pretty grounds; stabling, garage; extensive buildings, and 130 acres of rich land. Bargain, £2,750.

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The choice of the piano for Mark Hambourg's recital at the Queen's Hall on the 7th inst. should be matter of interest alike to musicians and the music-loving public. This wizard of music must have an instrument "subjugated to his will"; responding to his power and passion; interpreting with instant sympathy his wonderful genius. The world's greatest pianist, he must have the world's greatest piano. MARK HAMBOURG has chosen the

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Mark Hambourg

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Perfumers to Their Majesties the King and Queen.

Fashion's Fancies.

By MRS. JACK MAY

I DID not deserve to enjoy THE BYSTANDER dinner, nor yet the Chairman's kindly appreciative remarks that it was sporting of me to come. For, frankly, I tried to get out of it, boldly, blatantly, and untruthfully. But fate—in the guise of Mrs. Dorothy Millar—for once was kind, and I went. In fact, Mrs. Dorothy Millar, figuratively speaking, "held my hand" during the, to me, initial ordeal of facing an assemblage composed approximately of ten men to one woman. Now, if that is not an experience in itself to be handed down to posterity, I beg very humbly to ask what is? The clash of wits raged furiously, and I am only too painfully conscious of descending from the sublime to the commonplace in attacking my customary subject of dress. However, conventions demand that we shall be clothed, and, that being so, it is just as well to know what momentarily constitutes good dressing.

More About the Trend of Taffeta

The craze is spreading fast, and there merely remains the advent of suitable weather to see taffeta tailor-mades in full upon the ground as the leaves of Vallambrosa. We shall have the simplest of coats and skirts, and the more elaborate affairs, on which fringe and *bouillonnées* and crystal buttons—crystal buttons, mark you—will all assist towards decorative service. A popular alliance will be taffeta and cloth, and in this connection we are promised some sensational developments, notably a full-looped tunic. This is quite a departure, and will not catch on quickly with the populace. The Parisian *élégantes*, however, have secured some considerable success with it, effected in fur and *ninon*, the latter, of course, fashioning the tunic. But that the folds fall closely to the figure this tunic might almost be compared to the farthingale of old. And who knows, perhaps it is merely a forerunner of that bunched-out attribute.

Or, again, we find a cloth skirt mounted about the hip-line and in shallow vandykes on to a yoke of taffeta, a contrast that is carried on in a draped corsage, while the cloth is repeated in a short, curtailed coat with shawl-collar of taffeta.

A COAT AND SKIRT OF YELLOW-GREEN TAFFETA
With cloth strappings and bone buttons to match
(SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

The Correct Style

All the latest costume coats are cut away in the most emphatic manner in front, the majority from just below the figure-line, and at the back take on a swallow-tail effect. The correct style is clearly reflected in Mrs. Dorothy Millar's original design for a *changeant* taffeta costume, trimmed with cloth in tone, and pierced bone buttons. The application of the cloth is particularly artistic, the outline being caught up in a little *capuchin*, an adjunct that occurs again and again in the season's latest tailor-made models. As suggested in the sketch, accompanied by a handsome fur set of skunk, sable, or marten, it will be quite possible to essay these taffeta suits in the near future, a further cold, seasonable touch being afforded in the picture *chapeau* of black velvet massed with osprey.

Banded Coats

Another range, and one equally promising, includes some charming banded coats. A number of the inevitable white serge suits that have gone to Cairo and the Riviera have the hall-mark of the moment impressed upon them by belted effects. One of these I recall effectively relieved by clusters of tiny black buttons and revers and cuffs of *suède*-coloured cloth, a narrow black patent belt encircling the waist. Again, in the case of a Shantung suit, in such an artistic shade of dull apricot, the band was of the silk, very deep and permanently attached. But there are all manner of diversities of the belt, and for that reason alone we are bound to see the essay blossom into fruit.

Tulle and Flower Toques

It is a purely personal connection, and the cause has entirely escaped me, but, nevertheless, flower toques always occur simultaneously in my mind with Show Sunday. That event is a good way off yet, but the toques are already under deep consideration. The most adorable things are being fashioned of tulle piled high and very lightly over an invisible wire frame, and finally trailed over, veritably trellised, with flowers.

A TULLE AND FLOWER TOQUE

Effected in geranium-coloured tulle and trailed over the left side with geranium and foliage

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Something of the sort of thing is shown in our second picture, a model effected in geranium-coloured tulle, and trailed over the left side with geraniums and foliage, a touch of velvet being introduced in the form of two velvet loops, placed just in front. Or a similar idea might be worked out with hyacinths, picked off their stem, wallflowers, or banksia roses. But the all-flower toque will be conspicuous by its absence. We shall, however, have feathers and flowers, as, for example, a high, upstanding crown entirely fashioned of uncurled ostrich, lined with marabout, set within a narrow brim of flowers without foliage. I saw a singularly smart black-and-white toque arranged after this manner, the feathers white and the wreath great black marguerites with yellow centres.

How to Heat Our Houses Ideally and Economically

Battling with one of the most miserable winters it has ever been even our unfortunate fate to endure, our thoughts have been constantly directed towards the art of heating our houses in the most effective manner. Moreover, the unrest among the mining fraternity and the serious threat of a coal famine has conduced towards a more emphatic recognition of the value of the gas stoves introduced under the auspices of the Gas Light and Coke Company.

Again, the servant question steps in. The carrying up of coal, more especially in a high London house, is a never-ending source of contention between mistress and maid, together with the consistent carelessness of the latter in attending to fires when the family are out. One and all these difficulties fade away as snow before the sun if gas stoves are fitted in. Added to which there is the economical side of the question. A gas fire can be turned on, and relied upon to heat a room in the space of a few minutes, whereas a coal fire will, in all possibility, have been wasting its joys on the desert air for hours. Without bestowing undue praise on these capital stoves, now free of smell, noise, or defect of any sort, I consider every bedroom, at least, should be fitted with one of these capital improved models supplied by the Gas Light and Coke Company, who are pleased to supply full particulars for the asking.

A Notable Sale of China

Always fully worthy a visit is the stocktaking clearance at Messrs. Pearce's, 39, Ludgate Hill. The bargains here are very real, very numerous, and most attractive. Established since 1760, this establishment has a long and unbroken record to maintain, and none, therefore, need hesitate before the purchase of the dainty breakfast, tea, or dinner services, which are being offered at extraordinarily low prices during the sale.

A BARGAIN AT PEARCE'S

Part of a delightful toilet service of best stone china, the sale price of which is 11s. 6d. for five pieces, or 22s. 9d. for nine pieces

In toilet sets there are some quite unprecedented opportunities, commencing as low as *7s. 6d.*, a sum attached to a graceful shape, ornamented with groups of roses in natural colourings, with clouded gold edge and handles, a perfect choice for a young girl's bedroom. Of more stately character is the set illustrated, which costs for five pieces *11s. 6d.* and for nine pieces *22s. 9d.* On a soft ivory body wreaths of delicate pink roses are disposed with stripes of green foliage, while the edges are gold and the handles heavily traced.

It must be noted that the sale commences on February 5, and closes on the 17th.

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HOW THE JAPANESE ALWAYS REMAIN SLENDER

PROMINENT SCIENTIST AND TRAVELLER DISCOVERS LONG-SOUGHT SECRET.

FINDS SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT WORKS WONDERS.

REDUCED HIS WEIGHT 100 POUNDS.

How to Reduce Fat One Pound a Day, and then Always Remain SLIM. No Drugs, Medicines, Starvation Diet, Exercising or Apparatus used.

Arrangements Now Made to have all Stout Readers of this Paper Receive a Free Copy of Dr. Turner's Wonderful Book, "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds."

On returning from a recent trip, Dr. F. M. Turner, the physician, scientist, and traveller, who has won fame and world-wide renown through his writing and scientific researches, accorded an interview to Press representatives, who were astounded by his loss of more than 100 pounds of excessive fat since they last saw him. They found it difficult indeed to recognise in the slender, muscular, and perfectly proportioned form of Dr. Turner to-day the same man who only a few months ago they knew as a semi-invalid so enormously fat that he could hardly walk.

When questioned concerning his health and remarkable change in his appearance, Dr. Turner said that neither illness, medicines, starvation, dieting, nor strenuous exercise had caused him to lose his excess weight. In fact, he said that fatty degeneration had eaten into his vital organs to such an extent that it would have been foolhardy to even attempt the usual methods of reduction, and he was forced to seek other means of escape from his former terrible condition.

On being questioned further, the Doctor said: "When I began to feel the stuffy, cramped feeling inside, which, as a physician, I recognised as the first tell-tale symptom of fatty degeneration, and when my heart pounded and throbbed at times so that it shook my whole body and seemed about to burst, I knew from these warnings that the end was approaching very rapidly, and even the examining physician of a large Life Insurance Company, when refusing point blank to accept me as a risk, told me I was likely to drop dead any minute. I tried every means of reduction known to medical science, but without the slightest relief. I then became desperate and began to use all the advertised treatments I have ever heard of. These not only failed to help me, but they did considerable harm, one nearly causing my death on account of the powerful drugs it contained. Although a physician, I am strongly opposed to the use of drugs in treating obesity. There are also treatments put on the market by persons who are without a physician's training, and I firmly believe that if I had continued one or two of the methods recommended by these ignorant so-called 'specialists' I would now be in my grave.

"My discovery came about in this way: When seeking data for some literary work I found a reference to the manner in which the Japanese were said to easily overcome any tendency to take on superfluous flesh. I knew that the Japs are comparatively heavy eaters and that their diet consists largely of rice, the most starchy, and, therefore, most fat-forming of all grains. I had often wondered why, in spite of these facts, the Japanese, both men and women, always present such a slender, trim, neat appearance. After having long talks with several native authorities in such matters, I determined to give this Japanese method a short trial, and I was fairly startled to behold the wonderful change it made in my appearance, and the improvement in my health that was noticeable from the very first. My fat began to vanish at the rate of one pound a day, sometimes more. I knew I had at last discovered the secret that had been vainly sought for years, and I continued the treatment until I had lost more than 100 pounds in weight. I became stronger with every pound I lost, and soon regained all my old-time vigour of both body and mind. It made me feel twenty years younger to be rid of all the fat that had formed inside and outside my body. After discontinuing the treatment and keeping a careful record of my weight for more than two months, I was delighted to find that reduction was permanent, nor has my fat shown the slightest tendency to return since then.

"Can you imagine my ecstasy of joy and inexpressible relief, the tremendous load that was lifted from my mind, when, after all my suffering, I discovered almost by accident this secret method that enabled me to rid myself of 100 pounds of fat, and which transformed me from a hopeless, helpless wreck into a perfect specimen of physical manhood again? I have now been gladly accepted by the same large Insurance Company that previously rejected me."

Dr. Turner then went on to explain the treatment he discovered, and while anyone must admit that it is a logical method and undoubtedly effective to a wonderful degree, yet it so simple that even a child can understand it and obtain highly satisfactory results. Surely no stout person need any longer feel that he or she must remain fat. Lack of space prevents a full description of the entire method here, but Dr. Turner has described it in an extremely interesting little booklet, entitled, "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds," and by special arrangement it is now announced that these valuable booklets, while they last, are to be distributed absolutely free to those suffering from over-stoutness who are sufficiently interested to send two penny stamps for postage and packing. The books are sent in plain wrapping, and there are now about 1,000 left. When these are gone he may not have any more printed for some time, as he is planning another long trip, and will probably have no time to give the matter attention again until he returns. The Doctor's present address is F. M. Turner, c.o. the Dr. Turner Co., Dept. 723B, 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., and any requests sent there during the next few days will be given prompt attention. All who are interested are urgently advised to obtain this wonderful book, and begin reducing weight immediately, as such a chance as this may never present itself again.

The Menu : Pancakes and Fritters

Pancakes

Sift 4oz. of flour into a basin, beat up two eggs and mix with the flour. Stir in gradually about half a pint of milk, add a tablespoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt; beat the mixture until quite smooth. Let the batter stand for half an hour or longer. Put a clean omelet pan on the fire, with a little clarified butter or lard; as soon as hot put in enough batter to cover thinly the bottom of the pan. Let it get brown on one side, then toss or turn it over, and brown the other side. Keep the edges of the pancake free from the pan. When done turn out on a clean paper and proceed in this manner until the batter is used up. Dredge each pancake with a little castor sugar, squeeze a few drops of lemon-juice over, and roll up. Then dish up, stand in a hot oven for a moment, and serve with quarters of lemon.

French Pancakes

Two fresh eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of self-raising flour, and one tablespoonful of castor sugar. Put the flour in a basin, add the sugar, and mix it well in. Make a hole in the flour, add the eggs, previously lightly beaten, and beat it all together. Have ready two buttered saucers, put half the mixture in each. Bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes till a light golden brown, and then spread with any kind of jam. Turn each over like a half-moon, and serve very hot.

Apple Pancakes

Half a pint of milk, half a saltspoonful each of cinnamon and ground ginger, 4oz. of flour, one egg, and three apples. Make the batter in the usual way, and after it has stood for an hour add the apples, peeled, cored, and cut into small pieces. Pour the mixture into a small frying-pan, and proceed as before. Be careful in turning them, and serve either flat or rolled up.

Orange Custard Fritters

Break two and a half eggs into a stewpan with ½lb. of flour; mix and pour in by degrees one pint of milk, and stir over the fire for twenty minutes, when the custard should have become smooth; take it off the fire, and add 2oz. of castor sugar, ½oz. of grated orange-peel, three yolks of eggs, and a pinch of salt. Mix these well together, and spread the custard to a one-inch thickness on a slightly buttered baking sheet. When cold cut it into pieces two inches by one inch; dip the pieces in egg and breadcrumb, and fry them in very hot fat till slightly coloured; drain, sprinkle with sugar, and pile up on a fancy paper in a dish and serve.

Beef Fritters

Mince 1lb. of cold roast beef and season with pepper and salt. Make a batter with half a pint of milk and ¾lb. of flour. When the batter is well mixed add 1½oz. of melted butter, the whites of two whisked eggs, and the minced meat. Stir well and drop a tablespoonful of the batter at a time into boiling fat, taking care to keep the fritters separated. They will take about ten minutes to brown on both sides. Drain well, and send to table nicely garnished with parsley.

Banana Fritters

Peel the bananas, cut them lengthwise in two, dip them in rum or in orange-flower water, roll in sugar, and cover with a nice batter. Have ready some hot fat, and fry as before.

Chocolate Puddings

Heat one gill of milk, and mix into it 4oz. of chocolate-powder, 2oz. of cornflour, 2oz. of breadcrumbs, and 2oz. of butter. Boil in a saucepan for ten minutes, let it cool, flavour with vanilla, add two eggs well beaten, and 2oz. of castor sugar. Put it into a buttered mould, and steam for one and a quarter hours. EMILIA

The Editor's Box

A Clever Entertainer

Mr. Fred Rome, the well-known entertainer, has burst out in a fresh place, and a very fine burst it is, although he has done much pen work previously for the music-halls—notably for Mr. Alfred Lester and Mr. Tom Clare. He is on this occasion appearing himself in a smart little farcical comedietta, entitled "Snookered." It can be described as cute, clean, and clever; it is interesting, intelligent, and intensely funny, an ideal item for ideal halls. The quaint situations, the clever humour, the funny business are what we have been waiting for. It is noticeable that the stalls and gallery laugh at the same moment. The situations are all possible, the plot is probable, there is an air of freshness about the whole item. See Rome and die is an old tip, but on no account die until you have seen Rome.

A New Perfume

The fatigue occasioned by a long railway journey often gives rise to a feeling of depression which makes travelling a thing almost to be dreaded. A very handy travelling companion for anyone who suffers from fatigue and depression in this way is a small bottle of lavender salts. The stimulating and refreshing effects of lavender salts is unequalled and it is a very inexpensive remedy. Only the best, of course, should be used, as inferior salts are often injurious. The Crown Lavender Salts, which are the very finest procurable, may be used by the most delicate with great advantage. The Crown Perfumery Company have received large orders for "Iroma," which is a perfectly rare bouquet redolent of all the delicate charms of an old English garden. It is new in every respect of the word, both as regards quality and charm. As every woman will complete her toilet with a perfume, it behoves her to seek the best she can obtain, and in "Iroma" she will find one that will please not only her own delicate olfactory nerves, but also those around her.

"Iroma," the delightful new Perfume made by the Crown Perfumery Company

Suited at Last!

What a tremendous number of people there are, if one comes to think of it, who are continually patronising different makes of soap, because they can find none to suit them. But I think if most of these tried John Knight's Terebene Soap they would use it always. It is made from finest materials only, with which is incorporated pure oil of Terebene. It is both antiseptic and health-giving, and softens and purifies the skin, while it affords protection against infectious diseases. If a daintily perfumed toilet soap be required, there is the delightful Knight's Bouquet Series to be recommended. It was most thoughtful of Messrs. Knight to send me a stick of their Shavallo Shaving Soap to try. It saved me a 1s., because, if they only knew it, ever since I first tried it some three years ago I have always bought it. Shavallo is the *only* soap with which I have ever had a satisfactory shave. There is something peculiarly soothing in its lather.

How to Cure Whooping Cough

The most effectual cure for whooping-cough is undoubtedly Roche's Herbal Embrocation, which, it should be emphasised, is not administered internally. The most stubborn whoop, or fixed cough, soon gives way to the influence of Roche's after five or six applications. It is sold in bottles, at all chemists, price 4s. each, sufficient for the cure of one child, and price 22s. for a bottle containing sufficient to serve seven children.